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HOMEWARD BOUND.

I.

Off Suez.

THE dawn is near ; no sound upon the seas
Save where the ship's green fire is backward
rolled :

Athwart Orion's studded belt of gold
Sirius regards the fainting Pleiades :
That shore, from which I taste the morning
breeze,

Is Egypt's ; she whose monuments were old
When Joseph by the Ishmaelite was sold :
Before Rome rose she fell.

Her kings' decrees,
Her arts of peace, her armaments of war,
Her laws, her hopes of immortality,
Sunk in the sand to-day, can scarce suffice
To give our island autumn exercise :
Our island, that has all she had of yore,
And what she is to-day will some day be.

II.

Gibraltar.

The couchant lion guards the narrow straits ;
Or is it but the memory of his past
Which on his friends and foes alike has cast
A spell that plays men false, and only waits
The shock of fact or slow decay of states ?
For though we see it not, the age runs fast,
And only strength that grows can hope to
last :

Meanwhile we leave behind us Europe's gates
And near Trafalgar's famous vestibule
And Gades' Bay, where Neptune's wavering
floor

Has often felt Britannia's noisy rule,
And seen the crimson blazon of her war
Incarnadine the pavement of the deeps ;
To-day peace reigns ; but, though the tempest
sleeps,

The Atlantic wave rolls in from Labrador.

III.

Up Channel.

We have left the west wind, and the summer
skies

That arch with blue the summer sea's blue
wave ;

And, under shrouded light, the northern rave
Encounters us ; not far the island lies

Whose stubborn sons the cares of empire
crave,

Kindly, unready, and rough as they are
brave ;

On the port bow the gleaming pillars rise
That guard her entry.

Busy Vulcan plies
Against the wind our course to unknown goals ;
For who can tell what waits us, whether
shine

Of plenty or the clash of wants and fears
Where, chafed and checked, the civic tumult
rolls ?

But, as our ship goes staggering through the
brine,

Our weary mother welcomes us with tears.

Academy.

H. G. KEENE.

AN APRIL SHOWER.

THE land with laughing light was crowned,

All shadow scorning,
When swiftly rose a cloud, and frowned
Upon the morning ;

Down in a torrent dropped amain
The clatt'ring, patt'ring, sobbing rain.
Spring used her power ;

The sunbeams through the cloudlet shone,
And in a trice the storm was gone —
An April shower.

My lady's smiling face was decked

With gay contentment,
When one small doubt our pleasure checked,
And brought resentment.

Her heart a prey to jealous fears,
Down fell the dancing, glancing tears.
Love used his power ;

And kisses warm the cloud removed,
Till, like the storm, her anger proved —
An April shower.

Argosy.

SYDNEY GREY.

WAGNER.

We yet shall walk his path and find it fair.

His was the task to make the timbers crash,
A pioneer. Perchance too rough and rash,
He scorned the singing birds that filled the air.
To him the thunder of a falling tree,

The mighty roar of ocean, gave delight.
He loved the strains of elements in fight,
For man to him seemed like a ship at sea.

In music he of human life would hear

Its incompleteness and its destinies —
A tragedy, too oft, whose melodies
Angels may catch, but not man's feeble ear.

So has he shown us of more perfect art
Who touched the discords of the human heart.
Academy.

I. M. ELTON.

SPRING.

FOR those who note the fate of earthly things
There lurks a sadness in the April air,
A dreamy sense of what the future brings
To things too good, too hopeful, and too fair.
The spring brings greenness to the recent grave,
But brings no solace to the mourning heart ;
Nor will its rustling and its piping save
A single pang to him who must depart.
The ivy bloom is full of humming bees ;
The linnets whistle in the leaves on high ;
Around the stems of all the orchard trees
In flaky heaps the fallen blossoms lie :
But every leaf upon each new-clad tree
Tells but of boundless mutability.

Athenæum.

E. LEE HAMILTON.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE TRUE CHARACTER OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.*

It is common for large and varied classes of religionists in England to claim to be descendants of the Puritans. If certain defects are pointed out in these spiritual ancestors it is as common for such people to say that in these respects they do not follow their fathers. But spiritual descent means the inheritance of spiritual convictions. The infidel grandson of a Puritan is not a spiritual but only a natural descendant of his grandfather. At the present day there are Puritans and Puritans. There are thousands who, though evangelical in doctrine, do not adopt the principle of the separation of Church from State. Spiritual truth is always greater than ecclesiastical; and hence the common name of Puritan has been given to all those who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries held the cardinal doctrines of the gospel. It is sometimes forgotten that in those times there were some who were Puritans of the Puritans and Protestants of Protestants. The Separatists formed a distinct regiment of the Puritan army. Their identity can be clearly traced in English ecclesiastical history; nor is it difficult to do so in reference to the Puritan exodus to the New World. The Puritans emigrated to North America, or Virginia, as it was called, during the seventeenth century; but the Pilgrim Fathers, distinct in

person and principles, formed the advance guard.

Yet many writers of eminence have altogether missed these historical distinctions; or if they have noticed them it has only been to fall into the common error that, however much the two parties differed in their origin, they immediately became one under the novel influences of New England life. And this they did in a large measure. But the unity was brought about by the gradual absorption of the State Church element into that of the Congregational. The free air favored the spirit of freedom, and the despotism of the Puritan element gave way before the broad and vigorous principles of the Separatists. The process of absorption was, of course, a long one; and during the first years of colonial life, the two rivers had not amalgamated their waters. Both the Puritan and the Pilgrim had been to the hard school of suffering; but as yet the Pilgrim was the only one who had thoroughly learned the meaning of civil and religious liberty. And the proof of this is to be found, among other things, in the significant fact that the Pilgrim Fathers did not persecute.

In order to see this fact in all its bearings, it will be necessary to glance at their tragic history.

The birthplace of New England is to be found in old England at a little village named Scrooby, situated at the north of Nottinghamshire and on the extreme edge of Yorkshire. The few houses, the old spire of the parish church, the flat fields through which the river Idle* winds its sluggish way, present even to this day a picture as homely and familiar as that on which our forefathers looked two hundred and seventy years ago. In the Manor House, once a sporting palace of the archbishops of York, but then employed as a posting-house, the germs of the New England republic are to be discovered. In 1589 William Brewster held the office of postmaster, and his house became the rendezvous of all the Puritanism of the immediate neighborhood. Brewster was

* 1. BRADFORD. *History of Plymouth Plantation*.
2. YOUNG. *Chronicles of the Pilgrims and Chronicles of Massachusetts*.

3. HUNTER. *Founders of New Plymouth*.

4. CHEEVER. *The Plymouth Pilgrims*.

5. ROBINSON, JOHN, *Works*. Edited by Rev. R. Ashton.

6. WILLIAMS, ROGER. *The Bloody Tenet of Persecution*. With Biographical Introduction by E. B. Underhill.

7. ELTON. *Life of Roger Williams*.

8. SEWELL. *History of the Quakers*.

9. MATHER. *Magnalia Christi Americana*.

10. PALFREY. *History of New England*.

11. CLARK. *The Congregational Churches in Massachusetts*.

12. WADDINGTON, DR. *Congregational History*.

13. MASSON. *Life of Milton*.

14. BANCROFT. *History of the United States*.

15. DE TOCQUEVILLE. *Democracy in America*.

16. GARDINER, S. R. *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage*. 1617-1623.

* The stream that passes through Scrooby itself is the Byton.

a man of the world; he was well acquainted with affairs, having served under Davison, who had acted as ambassador to the Netherlands for Queen Elizabeth. To what wide uses he could ever put this knowledge of human nature it would be difficult for us to conjecture, while engaged in the contracted duties associated with the Manor House of Scrooby.

But the broad river of English history was sweeping on, and would ere long bear him and his little ark on its current. Barrowe and Greenwood had been put to death in 1593, and Penry had been sent to his last account for the crime of preaching the gospel in Wales; but the principles which these men advocated were not to be put down by persecution. Scraps of paper issued forth from the dungeons of Southwark; and when Barrowe and Greenwood had been executed, these writings of theirs were treasured by a numerous band of followers. Elizabeth's policy had been a temporizing one. On the whole, however, she had succeeded in repressing the new Puritan fervor in the large towns and cities. But freedom, as in many similar cases, betook itself to the broader because obscurer air of the rural districts. But the Brownists alone must have been considerable in numbers; for Raleigh said in Parliament that the queen would have to deal with twenty thousand of them before she could hope to make her Acts of Uniformity efficacious.

There was a fermentation of religious life in two directions. Within the Established Church a large and increasing number of clergy existed who would by no means conceal their Puritan proclivities at the bidding of government. And outside the pale of the Establishment there was an increasing and vigorous host both of laymen and clergy who were resolved to carry out the principles of Protestantism to their logical issue. But the two forces acted and reacted upon one another, and though they were to become increasingly distinct as history unfolded itself, they at first tended to work harmoniously in the same direction. At the beginning of the seventeenth century several clergymen were laboring in the

neighborhood of Scrooby who held very pronounced opinions in favor of the reformed doctrines. Such, for example, were John Smith of Gainsborough, who subsequently removed with his congregation to Holland; Richard Bernard of Worksop, who was violently abused by Smith for not forsaking a national Church; Richard Clifton of Babworth, a village near Scrooby, who with his long white beard afterwards formed a picturesque element among the Puritans of Amsterdam; and, finally, Thomas Toller, who wielded great spiritual influence in his parish of Sheffield from 1597 to the year of his death in 1644.* These and others that might be named differed much in their personal characteristics and in their zeal, as well as in the views they took of the lawfulness of a State Church; but they all agreed in holding tenaciously and preaching vigorously the principles of the Reformation. For the most part they were men of scholarly attainments; and they were all men of spiritual power. When, therefore, they were exposed to persecution on account of their principles, a large number of the people who had received benefit from their ministrations took umbrage; and with a tenacity and courage akin to the spirit of martyrdom they rallied round the Puritan flag.

The question of the lawfulness of establishing religion by the power of the State had not come into view. Speaking broadly, the Puritans would hardly have known the meaning of modern watchwords like those of disestablishment, disendowment, and religious equality. The questions underlying these pregnant words were, however, being quietly canvassed in many a thoughtful brain, and in their essence they were to be practically settled by the migrations of the Pilgrim Fathers. During Elizabeth's reign the principles of Independency were advocated by Robert Browne, a somewhat violent and, as events proved, a fickle combatant. He did not lack the courage of an enthusiast, for he was several times imprisoned; but he was without moral

* See Hunter's *Founders of New Plymouth*, pp. 48, 49.

backbone; for, notwithstanding his strong protests against Establishments, he ended his days as a beneficed clergyman. The battle had to be fought by men of sterner stuff. A few of these understood the final points at issue. But for the most part the controversy in England was to assume a political aspect; and the question of individual and constitutional liberty had to be fought out in succeeding years. The tramp of Cromwell's Ironsides could already be heard toward the end of the reign of Elizabeth, and during the first few months after James had ascended the throne.

But for the time being religion was the uppermost thought of the age, and the earnest men of the day were marking out the lines on which the future battle of English and American freedom was to be fought. And the point to which, in this article, we wish to call especial attention is that in the Puritan party were to be found two distinct lines of thought, and, as a consequence, two distinct lines of action. The Independents are often, for the sake of historical convenience, called by the general name of Puritans; but they have always formed the left wing of that party, and in all battles on behalf of civil and religious liberty they have ever been in the vanguard. The Puritans as a whole were all alike in their hatred of Popery and ceremonialism. But while most of them had no objection to a State Church so long as it acted on the lines of the Reformation, the Separatists had already declared, both in word and deed, that they refused to submit conscience and modes of worship to State authority. The Puritans were moving toward a Reformed Church in a free State; the Separatists toward a Free Church in a free State. They had many things in common; but there were important lines of difference between them even during Elizabeth's time. And it is only by a hearty recognition of this fact that we can intelligently answer the question as to whether the Pilgrim Fathers were persecutors.

Some of the chief elements of the seething life of England were crystallized in the little church at Scrooby. The Puri-

tan revolt, the love of political freedom, due obedience to rightfully constituted authority, the principles of Separatism, and above all the simple godliness of brave men and true-hearted women, found there a congenial home. In the characters of those who composed that congregation we see the lineaments which are traced by history, with a firm hand, on the minds of a great people. America was to be indebted not to Greece and Rome for the models by which to build up her free institutions, but rather to that phase of life which consolidated itself for a time in the remote and unknown village of Scrooby. In 1602 the people at Scrooby, together with those at Gainsborough, formed one "Church." This arrangement was brought to an end two years after, when the Gainsborough people, under the leadership of their pastor, John Smith, betook themselves to Holland. This separation proved in the end beneficial to the Scrooby Church, inasmuch as they were relieved of sectarian elements which would have resulted in much disorder; and moreover, being thrown now on their own mental and spiritual resources, they obtained a spirit of self-reliance which stood them in good stead in their subsequent troubles.

The men who ruled in this community were no fanatics. They were worthy to be the leaders of this new exodus; and by their solid mental attainments, by their practical sagacity, by their moral integrity, and by their spiritual intensity, they gave an impetus to the movement which lends its beneficent influence to the contending elements of our own somewhat troubled times. William Brewster had not forgotten the lessons which he had learned in the Netherlands and in the metropolis. He was a man of ready parts, able to conciliate guests who waited at the Manor House on their journey southward or northward, dexterous as the postmaster of the district — an office of no mean responsibility in those primitive times — able to attract many Puritan preachers to his house, or, when these failed, proving himself to be an able and profitable expositor of the Scriptures to the people, who were by no means loth to accept him

as the teacher for the day. One of the preachers whom he was successful in drawing to the Manor House was Richard Clifton, of Babworth, who, having been silenced and ejected from his living under Elizabeth, was not unwilling to take advantage of these surreptitious opportunities of proclaiming the gospel. While Clifton was still at Babworth he had for one of his hearers a youth who afterwards made an important figure among the Pilgrims. This was William Bradford. His religious life began under Mr. Clifton's ministry. Afterwards famous as the governor of Plymouth, he already displayed the virtues of prudence, practical common sense, and worldly wisdom, which proved afterwards to be of such invaluable service to the much-suffering and oft-tried community. "If Brewster was the Aaron of the enterprise, Bradford was its Moses."

But gifted as were these two men with rare virtues of grace, godliness, and courage, there was a third who stood head and shoulders above them both. Possessor of the common name of John Robinson, he yet stands before us in history as the pioneer of principles which are now the axioms of the highest ecclesiastical and civil philosophy of the times. The historical research of our day has done something to rescue his name from its undeserved oblivion. He is to Independence what George Fox is to the Society of Friends; and his successors have already done much to recognize his claims as their founder. His works have been industriously collected and ably edited; the facts of his life have been sought out by Mr. Hunter with the earnestness of an antiquarian; and his place in the movements of the seventeenth century has been conclusively pointed out by Dr. Waddington in his laborious "History of Congregationalism." It now only remains for Mr. Masson, and those who give us a general view of those stirring and troubled times, to recognize the prominent place which Robinson holds as a teacher and a reformer. He is evidently one of those men who might be easily overlooked, for he was not a destroyer of old systems so much as a quiet constructor of new and better ones. The elements of society became plastic in his hand, and with the sagacity and foresight which are found only in the highest statesmanship he built up a form of government which harmonized the difficulties of his own day and also those of future generations.

John Robinson* was educated at Cambridge, where he entered Christ College in 1592, and became a fellow in 1598. He retained his fellowship till 1604. At the close of his university course he settled as a preacher in the neighborhood of Norwich. The exact locality is unknown; nor is it certain whether he was benefited or not. The probabilities seem to be that he was only licensed as a preacher.† This license was withdrawn by his bishop on account of his Puritanism. He thereupon drew round him a large Puritan congregation in the city of Norwich itself. But here both he and his hearers were exposed to so much persecution that he was compelled to leave the city. In the mean while he had been considering his relations to the Established Church, and he had been most reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he could no longer remain in its membership. When, therefore, he left Norwich it was as a Separatist. The Church at Scrooby having lost the Gainsborough contingent of their members, were now casting about for a spiritual leader; and accordingly John Robinson seems to have been directed to them in the year 1604.

Nothing could appear more commonplace than the "settlement" of a Separatist pastor over a small and weak community like that which assembled at Scrooby. And yet the future course of civil and religious liberty depended in a large measure upon that event. Robinson was about to mould the minds which in their turn would shape the destinies of the New World. It is of the first importance, therefore, that we should endeavor to understand the nature of his convictions, especially with regard to the relations of Church and State. This is rendered more necessary because our own historians have, we fear, been content to obtain their knowledge for the most part at second hand. And, as a natural consequence, both the tenets and the conduct of the settlers of New Plymouth have been misunderstood and misrepresented. Mr. S. R. Gardiner, notwithstanding his usual accuracy, tells us that Rhode Island "was the first Christian community which was established on the basis of the open and complete acknowledgment of religious liberty."‡ Mr. J. R. Green slips with

* Hunter's Founders of New Plymouth, p. 92, *et passim*.

† History of Congregationalism in Norfolk and Suffolk, p. 63. By John Browne, E.A. Jarrold and Son. 1878.

‡ S. R. Gardiner's "The Personal Government of

his flowing and fascinating rhetoric from the Pilgrims to the Puritans as though they formed the same company and held the same principles. After a brief sketch of the Pilgrim Fathers and their landing on the New England shores, he adds, "From the moment of their establishment the eyes of the English Puritans were fixed on the little Puritan settlement in North America."* Words here are important. It is evident that the distinction between Puritan and Pilgrim principles has not been seen, and it has therefore not been presented. And, as a consequence, the whole colony is lumped together, and we are informed that "with the strength and manliness of Puritanism its bigotry and narrowness had crossed the Atlantic too."† It is evident that Mr. Green includes the Pilgrims with those who were guilty of persecuting Roger Williams and of driving him from the colony; or at least he makes no attempt to vindicate their character. These misconceptions are very natural, but they are not worthy of English historians. They arise from the fact that the cue has never been given by any noteworthy writer on this side of the Atlantic; and hence we search the brilliant pages of our best authors for a distinction which, when once seized, could never be lost. For were any one of our painstaking historians to be convinced that the Pilgrims were as distinct from Puritans as modern Congregationalists are from the Evangelical party in the Established Church, his story of that tragic struggle for liberty under Elizabeth and the Stuarts would receive a new and a warmer coloring.

We must, however, return to Robinson, in whose teachings and writings are to be found, if we mistake not, the germs of all that is now meant by the newly-coined and pregnant phrase, "religious equality." The errors and inaccuracies of which we complain begin at this point. We confess that John Robinson's exposition of Church principles cannot be read without

some weariness to the flesh. But if we wish to ascertain his views this weariness ought perhaps to be encountered. Mr. Masson, however, in quoting a most important passage from Robinson's work, is content to do so at second hand.* And, as a result, he quotes words correctly enough; but fails to catch the drift of Robinson's argument. What that drift is it would be tedious to explain. It is evident that Robinson believed that Christianity could be promulgated only by persuasion. One of his sections is headed "Moral means only allowed by Christ;"† and the whole tenor of his work is to show that the kingdom of heaven is spiritual in its nature. He had, however, to deal with those who drew most of their arguments from the Old Testament. And consequently there is much abstruse writing about the doings of the kings of Judah, whose example seems to have had greater weight than it would have at the present time. Amongst other things Robinson tries to show that Hebrew reformations generally took place with the consent of the people at large; and under similar circumstances he seems to think that godly magistrates may put down public and notable idolatry. A part of this sentence is quoted by Mr. Masson, who obtained it from Fletcher's "History of Independency;" and the other part of the sentence, where Robinson denies that any king is to "draw all the people of his nation into covenant with the Lord," is inadvertently omitted. We grant that, even were the whole sentence quoted, the view which Mr. Masson takes of its meaning would receive some apparent corroboration. But the sentence must be looked at in connection with the somewhat antique argument of which it forms a part. And above all the strong, clear, and forcible statements in favor of the absolute spirituality of the Christian Church, together with the impressive protests against the employment of force in religious matters, must, we think, be accepted as finally determining his standpoint in reference to the Church and State question.

But Mr. Masson, having convinced himself on the slender quotation to which we have referred — that Robinson, "the liberal Robinson," held that the magistrate was bound to interfere on behalf of the orthodoxy of the churches and the reli-

Charles I.," vol. ii., p. 279. See also "Prince Charles," vol. ii., pp. 34-62, where Mr. Gardiner closes an otherwise fair and full account of the Separatists by saying that Robinson's views were accompanied by much "narrowness of mind and intolerance of spirit."

* "A Short History of the English People" p. 493. By J. R. Green, M.A. Also "History of the English People," vol. iii., p. 168. In this volume Mr. Green makes one or two verbal alterations. He has discovered that the Independents were driven to Amsterdam, and not to Rotterdam; but he still asserts that this exile took place in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whereas the Scrooby people did not leave England till 1607. He is evidently thinking of the migration under John Ainsworth in 1597.

† Ibid. p. 498.

* The Life of Milton in connection with the History of his Time, vol. ii., p. 570. By David Masson.

† Works of Robinson, vol. ii., p. 307. Edited by Robert Ashton.

gious good of his subjects — finds it easy to affirm that this Robinsonian Independency was carried over to New England. Another link in the chain is given when it is stated that "both in Massachusetts and in New Haven church membership was a condition of the franchise."* Mr. Masson makes the significant admission that there was no express rule to this effect in the constitutions of New Plymouth and Connecticut; but he adds, "There seems to have been tantamount custom."† No authority whatever is quoted, and no arguments are adduced for the existence of this "custom." What if the "custom" never existed? But from these second-hand quotations and these apparent "customs" it is again an easy step to include both Pilgrims and Puritans under one sweeping designation, and to give particulars of the persecutions in which they were all engaged. The New Englanders "resorted to actual persecution."‡ The Individualism of Roger Williams, Anabaptism, and Antinomianism; these three *isms* came under the lash of the Puritans, and of course the Pilgrims were parties to these shameful acts. But were they? We shall see.

Historians on the other side of the Atlantic are more just to the Pilgrims. They have had opportunities of watching the growth of the mixed and varied elements which have made modern America; and they have not failed to see that the Pilgrims brought to New Plymouth beliefs peculiar to themselves. Bancroft in particular, besides giving a graphic account of their hardships and of the vicissitudes through which they passed, does full justice to the principles which they held so dear. He says that "their residence in Holland had made them acquainted with various forms of Christianity, a wide experience had emancipated them from bigotry, and they were *never betrayed into the excesses of religious persecution*, though they sometimes permitted a disproportion between punishment and crime."§

This verdict is not only corroborated by a close examination of Robinson's writings, but also by a comparison of the struggles of this part of the Puritan army with the general movements of the time. No distinct theory of the functions of the State had crystallized itself during the

reigns of Elizabeth and of James I. But, on the whole, events were fermenting in the direction of individual liberty. The repressive policy of Elizabeth had driven the thought of England into literary directions. The Reformation had been accompanied by a Renaissance in culture as well as in art and architecture. The mind of man had been bursting its swaddling clothes from the time of Michael Angelo and Savonarola to that of Erasmus and Martin Luther. Florence, the birthplace of the new classical reform, was linking itself to Geneva, the birthplace of the new religious reform. But in England the artistic and the religious movements seemed to go hand in hand. And it was because Elizabeth kept down the fires of religious zeal with such tremendous force, that the flame of literary beauty and culture burned so much the more conspicuously. In a seething age like the Elizabethan, the energies of men must have some outlet. If the devotional and theological side of human nature was repressed, the artistic side would be all the more exuberant, and tend, in its very riches, to a voluptuous luxuriance. While the stern struggles, of which the Pilgrim exodus was the issue, were proceeding, England was not without its pageants, its lighter moods, and its daring intellectual enterprise. These may seem at first sight like the fiddling of Nero while Rome was burning. They were, however, forces which were working in favor of the elasticity, and consequently of the freedom, of the human mind. Shakespeare's dramas opened out continents of beauty as important in their own sphere as the discoveries of Columbus in the previous generation had been in the physical world. They presented history in a very vivid form, and, often enabling the people to grasp through dramatic presentation the facts of the past, they suggested very wholesome lessons for their own day.

The time of action is the time of prose. When men smelt the battle from afar, they found no inclination for flights of imagination. Poetry declined during Shakespeare's own life, though in his own soul it ever burned a brighter and brighter light till his death in 1616. Hooker and Bacon were now to be the great names in the intellectual world. And apart from them England had to be satisfied with published sermons, small treatises, and controversial tracts, which, like puffs of smoke, served to show the positions in which the deadly fray was to be carried on.

* Life of Milton, vol. ii., p. 570.

† Ibid. p. 572.

‡ Ibid. p. 573.

§ G. Bancroft, History of the United States, vol. i., p. 242.

When James I. came to the throne both Catholics and Puritans looked alike with hungry hearts for his favor. He was destined to disappoint both friend and foe. Few monarchs have presented a stranger mixture than he did. The Defender of the Faith, he presided over one of the filthiest courts of Europe. A dabbler in book learning, he seemed to lack the very elements of the art of ruling. A mighty fencer of words, he knew little or nothing of men and affairs. A man not devoid of natural shrewdness or of acquired wisdom, he was never able to utilize his wisdom for the practical purposes of life. He seemed to be a Solomon in reputation, and yet he was a Rehoboam in policy.

There were many reasons why the Puritan struggle did not come to a head in the reign of Elizabeth. The Protestant battle, which, though inclusive of the Puritan, was yet a wider one, had to be fought in her time. The succession to the throne, moreover, kept the people in a constant state of disquietude. As death approached the hand of the queen was less strenuous, and the Puritans breathed more freely. When James came to the throne and avowed his belief in the divine right of absolute monarchy, it became evident that the cause of people *versus* despotism would have to be fought to the bitter end. But this constitutional struggle involved that deeper question of liberty for all religious parties which the Pilgrims alone fully grasped. The pope's supremacy had been repudiated, but the king's existed in its place, and crown rights therefore included sway over conscience, opinion, and forms of worship. The personal attitude of the monarch under such circumstances was all-important. Power had not yet passed to Parliament, and James was doing his best to rob Parliament of the small vestiges of authority which it seemed still to retain.

The Gunpowder Plot put an end to the hopes of the Catholics, and the Hampton Court Conference was a means of informing the Puritans that the king intended to "harry them out of the kingdom." There was to be uniformity in the Church, and very soon the screw was tightened in all parts of the kingdom so that three hundred clergymen were unbefitted and reduced to silence. Despotism began its work, and, as usual, touched the best citizens first and affronted their deepest susceptibilities. The inevitable revolt which was hastening on to a field of blood began at once. The advanced guard of freedom

led the defence, and in their very defeat showed to others the way to victory. The first to point the road and lead the onward march against tyranny were not the Puritans and not the Reformers, but that small and despised band which receives but scant justice from some of our historians, known by the name of Separatists. They led the forlorn hope. They had already grasped the essential principles of freedom, and their testimony and sufferings have laid a firm and unshaken basis on which the constitutional liberties of America and England have been slowly built.

There was a Puritanism that needed not to be harried out of the land. It was quiet, unobtrusive, and conformable to law. But Separatism was now like a hunted stag at bay. Its religious societies were an eyesore and a menace to the authorities. At all hazards this rising revolt against uniformity must be crushed down. And the Separatists were keen enough to see that they must now either give up their Nonconformity or their country. It was a hard and cruel dilemma. And in any case their choice would be perilous to the best life of England. France never recovered from the crimes of 1572 and 1685. When the Huguenots were coldly murdered or ruthlessly driven from her soil, the loss was irreparable. A somewhat milder treatment of the Puritan party, and the close connection which was maintained between New England and the mother country, prevented the same disastrous consequences in our own case.

Providence had prepared a fitting resting-place and school of discipline for the Pilgrims in Holland. To this country, rescued from the tide of oppression with as much difficulty and toil as the very land from the inundating waves of the sea, the church at Scrooby bent its desires and ere long its footsteps. This church formed a part of a larger community at Gainsborough. The Gainsborough people do not seem to have held the same extreme and logical views as the Scrooby folk, and it was therefore fortunate that they went out to Holland before the Pilgrims. The Scrooby people were thus left to the free exercise of their own minds; nor were they subsequently entangled in the disputes which arose among their friends in Amsterdam. In 1607 they sold their lands, and meeting together at Boston, in Lincolnshire, they prepared to set sail. But treachery betrayed them to their pursuers, and in the narrow prison which still exists they

were confined for about four weeks. Brewster and six others were bound over for a trial which perhaps never came off, or at least about which no authentic account has been preserved. Other sufferings ensued, other attempts were made, other treachery was perpetrated; but at length these godly men and women met together in the city of Amsterdam, much to their joy. From this place they soon betook themselves to the city of Leyden, where Robinson, their pastor, had all the advantages of university life, and where most of them found it possible by engaging in their own simple handicrafts to gain a livelihood. After twelve years spent in this refreshing place of repose, they felt that their children would soon be absorbed in Leyden life if they did not again stir up their nest. Accordingly the noble resolve was made that they would found a new home for themselves and their posterity in America. It was impossible for them to foresee the momentous consequences of their act; but apart from all foresight, it was an act of courage and heroism the like of which the world has seldom seen.

It was when the "Speedwell" was about to sail, on July 22, 1620, from the Delft Haven, that John Robinson gave utterance to those oft-quoted and memorable words which are the charter of religious truth as well as of religious freedom:—

If God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, they were to be as ready to receive it as ever they were to receive any truth by his ministry; for he was very confident that the Lord had more truth and light to break forth out of His Holy Word.*

The "Speedwell" was afterwards exchanged for the memorable "Mayflower," which vessel started from Southampton September 16, 1620, with about a hundred souls on board. After sixty-four days of tossing in their little bark they spied land, and after many privations and dangers, they landed, December 21, on Plymouth Rock.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstain'd what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

It is not our province to trace the history or to recount the sufferings of these exiles. The first months were very cruel.

* Dr. Dexter employs some cogent arguments to show that these words referred only to ecclesiastical polity. See *Congregationalism of the Last Three Hundred Years*, p. 404, *et passim*.

During the first few weeks Bradford, Standish, Allerton, and Winslow were left widowers. "Six died in December, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March."* In the course of the winter fifty were laid low, and in order to hide the weakness of their thinned ranks from the ever-watchful Indians, they were compelled to smooth the graves into level ground. But when the "Mayflower" returned, in the spring of 1621, not one drew back or desired to retire from the dread conflict with nature. In 1623 their numbers were recruited by a fresh contingent from Leyden, and they soon consolidated themselves into a well-ordered, well-governed, and well-educated community.

But at all stages of their history they must carefully be distinguished from other bands of Puritans who also crossed the Atlantic to obtain a larger religious freedom. New Plymouth was not Boston. It was not Salem. Distinct as a place and a colony, it remained distinct in principle, and free from the stain of persecution. Their teaching was different, so also was their practice.

Troubles were still proceeding in the old country. Mr. White, a clergyman at Dorchester, was instrumental in inducing a large number of Puritans to leave England in order to escape the persecutions which were still going on under Charles I. But the people and clergy who went out under the exhortations of White and others were by no means of the same ecclesiastical complexion as those with whom they are often confounded. They were not Nonconformists from the Church, though they may correctly be described as Nonconformists in the Church, *i.e.*, from many of the ordained rites and ceremonies. They believed strongly, however, for the most part, in the power of the magistrate to enforce ceremonies. They were Church and State men. They had a pious horror of being mixed up with those who broke away from all national Churches. On the 1st of May, 1629, these Puritan emigrants left the Isle of Wight, and they were careful from the first to maintain the distinction between themselves and the Pilgrims. They received, on board one of the three vessels in which they had embarked, Mr. Ralph Smith, a Separatist minister, with a few of his followers who were anxious to reach New Plymouth. But even this

* Dr. Waddington's *Congregational History*, vol. ii., p. 225. Bradford's *New Plymouth*.

simple act of courtesy was not shown without some misgiving. Their position was clearly and sharply marked off from that of the Separatists by the words which Mr. Higginson, their minister, addressed to them as they rounded Land's End. Gathering them on the deck, together with his family and friends, he uttered these significant words:—

We will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, "Farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome!" but we will say, "Farewell, dear England, farewell, the Church of God in England, and all the Christian friends there!" *We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England*, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it; but we go to practise the positive part of Church reformation and to propagate the gospel in America.*

In the following year a much larger contingent prepared to set sail, and it is again noticeable that in an address issued by John Winthrop, April 7, 1630, these emigrants say that they "esteem it an honor to call the Church of England, from whence we rise, our dear mother."†

John White, who had done so much to forward this important exile, said: "I persuade myself that there is no one Separatist known unto the governors, or, if there be any, that it is far from their purpose as it is from their safety to continue him amongst them."‡

When these exiles reached New England they were naturally brought into friendly relations with those who had settled in the territory adjoining that which they occupied. Their mutual agreements were far greater than their differences. But it is historically inaccurate to confound the New Plymouth settlers with the Puritans of Salem and Boston. Both the Puritans and the Pilgrims believed in the principles of the Reformation, both were sound Protestants, both held fast to the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and both proclaimed the right of private judgment. But their differences were vital, and by painstaking writers ought to be duly recognized. The Puritans believed in the power of the magistrate to maintain religious order and orthodoxy; the Pilgrims held that these ends ought to be sought only by the company of faithful men. The Puritans had cut themselves off from one national Church, but they

were willing to set up another; the Pilgrims had separated themselves from all State Churches. The Puritans wanted to establish a theocracy; the Pilgrims were satisfied with a well-ordered political society, in the midst of which there should be also another distinct and voluntary association, meeting at set times for religious purposes. The Puritans carried within them the seeds of persecution; the Pilgrims those of the largest liberty.

We are not claiming for the Pilgrims any supernatural prescience of coming controversies. We do not affirm that they could so clearly define the conditions of religious liberty as a modern Congregationalist. But we have tried to show that their theory was one which permitted all forms of religions and equal toleration beneath the common law; and that there is nothing in their practice which conflicts with the theory. We desire to act in this matter on the well-known principle that an Englishman is to be held innocent until his guilt is proved. When a controversialist repeats that it was the Congregationalist clergy by whom the magistrates in New England were instigated to persecution,* we reply that these clergy must be held to be innocent till their guilt is proved. This writer falls into the common error of confounding the Pilgrims with the Puritans, and then endeavors to prove that the Puritan movement was "nothing whatever but an attempt to establish, at the sword's point and on principles of intolerance, Calvin's idea of a Biblical Church."† And then, as in writings of more importance, we have references to events which transpired after the year 1630, and in another part of New England than New Plymouth. "Church membership was necessary to citizenship." But not among the Pilgrims. "Mrs. Hutchinson and an ultra-Calvinistic party were in 1635 banished from the state." But not by the Pilgrims. "Mr. Roger Williams was expelled." But not by the Pilgrims. "In 1650 the law of Connecticut enacted that those who shall worship any other God but the Lord should be put to death." But the Pilgrims did not pass the law. "In 1651 Mr. Obadiah Holmes, a Baptist, was well whipt." But not by the Pilgrims. "In 1656 and onwards the Quakers were flogged, and in a few cases were put to death."‡ But again, and emphatically, we reply, not by the Pilgrims.

* Quoted in Dr. Waddington's *Congregational History*, vol. ii., p. 252.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 254, 255.

‡ White's *Planter's Plea*, in *Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts*, p. 15.

* Dissent in its Relation to the Church of England, p. 83, by G. H. Curteis.

† *Ibid.* p. 81.

‡ For the statements in quotation marks, see Curteis, pp. 81-83.

Careful attention to the interior history of the spiritual societies of the seventeenth century, a closer regard to chronology, to the geographical boundaries of New England, and to the authoritative declarations of the Puritans as distinguished from the Separatists, will, we believe, convince the student of political and religious progress that the Pilgrim Fathers were no persecutors. They gave to others what they had purchased for themselves through so much suffering.

What happened in New England after the arrival of the Puritans as distinguished from the Pilgrims was very natural. They were all drawn much more closely together than they ever could have been in the mother country. The artificial separation of an Established Church no longer existed; and spiritual affinities had free play. The proximate cause of friendly relations springing up between Plymouth and Salem was a simple one. Sickness broke out at Salem, and Governor Endicott was compelled to send for help to New Plymouth, where Dr. Fuller exercised both his skill as a medical practitioner and his functions as a deacon of the Church. In the year 1629 he was accordingly despatched to doctor the Salem folks. But his religious light was not put under a bushel during this visitation; and in acknowledging his services in very warm terms Endicott goes out of his way to speak of the fraternal Christian feeling which had been kindled among them by Dr. Fuller's conversation.

Right worshipful sir [he writes to Bradford], it is a thing not usual that servants of one master and of the same household should be strangers to one another. . . . I acknowledge myself most bound to you for your kind love and care in sending Mr. Fuller among us, and rejoice much that I am by him satisfied touching your judgments of the outer form of God's worship.*

In the same year the people at Salem formed themselves into a church, and ordained two of their number, Messrs. Higginson and Skelton, as their ministers, the former being the teacher and the latter the pastor. During the solemn exercises with which these transactions were confirmed, Governor Bradford and others arrived as a delegation to convey the good wishes of the church at Plymouth. And here again we see spiritual sympathies having their own unfettered course. Ecclesiastical and political problems were in the background. There was no need to

discuss them. The all-absorbing want was a closer fellowship in the bonds of Christian love, and this came about almost spontaneously.

There could not, however, be this *rapport* without a give-and-take process on both sides. The Puritans gave up for the time being their high-and-dry notions of ecclesiastical orthodoxy, and went straight to the New Testament for precedents. History was forgotten, as well it might be out in the wilds of a new world. By forming themselves into a Church and ordaining their own ministers — who, it is to be remembered, were already in the holy orders of the Church of England — they virtually broke away from ecclesiastical traditions, and took their stand on primitive usage and the free principles of Congregationalism. But there was no formal and inward renunciation of statecraft on their part. This evil leaven remained in them, and in due time it would begin to work. But there is no evidence that the actual Pilgrim fathers themselves became infected with their views. Their children may have been too few and too feeble — for at best they themselves were only a handful — to resist the overpowering and preponderating opinion in favor of the identity of Church and State. But wherever we meet with the Pilgrims themselves we find them possessing a type of spiritual and ecclesiastical life all their own. They differed at the outset from the church at Gainsborough; they separated from the people at Amsterdam; they did not mingle with the native Calvinists of Leyden; they were not likely to lose their identity when placed side by side with the Puritans of Massachusetts. And they did not. As long as they lived we find no trace of the persecuting spirit in the church at Plymouth. These fathers resisted the encroachments of men who would have brought them again under the bondage of an enforced Prayer-Book. Having won their liberty they would not easily part with it. And so, when the hypocrisies and conspiracies of the Rev. John Lyford were discovered, and he was found guilty of traducing the character of the Pilgrims in order to rob them of their liberty of worship, he was quickly shipped away. Sooner or later every government has to make up its mind whether it will tolerate violent outbreaks of intolerance; and only two courses are open: either to make intolerance a part of the State system, or to put it down with a strong hand, and thus to prevent its power from being exercised. The intolerance which pre-

* Cheever, *The Plymouth Pilgrims*, p. 292.

vented the Methodists from meeting and preaching in this country has been stopped by the arm of the law. Breaches of the peace in the name of Protestantism are prevented by the forces of the State. And the expulsion of John Lyford from New Plymouth was an instance of the same kind. He acknowledged that he had plotted against the governor; and, indeed, his intercepted letters rendered confession superfluous. He had broken the peace. He threatened the very stability of the government; and as the new colony had no prison in which to lodge him, banishment was at once more convenient and more merciful.

But the charges generally preferred against the Pilgrims have no reference to this solitary instance of punishment. They refer for the most part to Salem and Boston, and to actions which took place there. A minute history of these transactions would, we believe, clearly show that the Pilgrims had not the least share in them. To all intents and purposes Plymouth possessed State rights. It had no charter; for this boon could not be wrung from the despotic hands of James I. The Pilgrims took their chance, and as the mother country would not charter them, they hoped that she would connive at them. Their independence was respected by their fellow-colonists. In 1643 a confederation was formed of the colonies of New Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, and New Haven under the name of the United Colonies of New England.* This was, however, a purely defensive act, brought about by a common fear of the Indians. It left the different States to pursue their own policy as far as interior affairs were concerned.† Doubtless the complexion of this policy was in a large measure the same in all the colonies except in Providence and Rhode Island. But when acts of persecution were perpetrated the latent differences became manifest. Roger Williams was confessedly banished for his religious opinions; but New Plymouth took no part in this act. He was tried at Boston in the year 1635. His relations to New Plymouth had been of the happiest kind; he had spent two of the most useful years of his ministry in that colony. Letters from him are recorded in the volumes of the Massachusetts Historic Society, in

which he acknowledges the good treatment which he had received. His case, when thoroughly examined, brings out in strong contrast the two elements to which we have been calling attention.

Mrs. Hutchinson was a strong Antinomian, and joined the church in Boston in 1634.* At first she spread her views privately; then by the aid of her husband, and more particularly of her brother-in-law, she made them public. A conference of all the elders was called in 1637 to consider these views, and they were, after lengthy consideration, condemned. This synod then separated. The elders met only to give a verdict concerning the new doctrines which had now branched out into eighty-two particulars; and having discharged this ecclesiastical duty, they dispersed. But even this synod was not composed of New Plymouth teachers. We can find no trace of it in Bradford's "History of New Plymouth" for that year; and the accounts of contemporaries evidently point to its being a conference of the Massachusetts colony only.† But even if they had been present, it was on another occasion, and by other than ecclesiastical authorities, that Mrs. Hutchinson was dealt with. Brought before the magistrate for "contumacious and insurrectionary proceedings," she was expelled, in common with her companions, from the territory of Boston. Here again we find Plymouth action conspicuous by its absence.

The persecutions inflicted upon the Baptists and Quakers do not properly come under our consideration, because most of the Pilgrim fathers had passed away to their rest when these began. A brief reference may, however, be serviceable. After relating the whipping of Obadiah Holmes at Boston, a biographer of Roger Williams says, "To record facts like these of the Pilgrim fathers is inexpressibly painful."‡ Even Lord Stanhope regards the Pilgrim fathers as identical with the Puritans.§ The historian of the people called Quakers, referring to the Brownists, says, "Many of that persuasion afterwards themselves turned cruel persecutors of pious people by inhuman whippings, and lastly by putting some to death."||

Obadiah Holmes was fined £30 on 31st

* Masson's Life of Milton, vol. ii., p. 599. Elton's Life of Roger Williams, p. 58.

† For an account of the municipal system of New England, and of the rights of the separate townships, see De Tocqueville, Democracy in America (Tr.), vol. i., p. 56, *et passim*.

* A Historical Sketch of the Congregational Churches in Massachusetts of 1620-1858, p. 24. By Dr. Clark (Boston).

† Young's Chronicles of Massachusetts, pp. 360-548.

‡ Elton's Life of Roger Williams, p. 76.

§ Mahon's History of England, vol. v., p. 65.

|| Sewall's History of the Quakers, p. 7.

May, 1651, and refusing to pay the fine or to allow others to pay, was barbarously whipped. His offence consisted in holding an unlawful meeting, and in teaching the unscripturalness of infant baptism.* This happened in Boston, where the Baptists, and amongst them Roger Williams, had a hard time. The church at Plymouth, and those that had grown out of it, tried to compromise matters with the Baptists.† And in any case we do not find the Plymouth secular authorities either implicated in what went on at Boston, or themselves following such an evil example.

The case of the Quakers is much more heartrending; but with one exception it is equally clear with that of the Baptists. Sewall's account of their sufferings is very pathetic. But one thing is very clear, that even in Boston there was a divided public opinion concerning the severities which were being practised. And it is of course again evident that in the particular persecutions which he enumerates with such great vividness, Plymouth stood inactive, surrounded and cut off as it was by its own State rights. The Quakers made their first appearance in Boston in the year 1656. Their demeanor was often both wild and indecent. Yet their patience and courage gained them a few friends. Nicholas Upshal, a member of the Church at Boston, was fined, and at length banished, for befriending them. The public whippings so affected some of the Puritans that they withdrew their church membership, and exposed themselves to punishment for meeting by themselves. When the law threatening death to those who returned from banishment was put, twelve magistrates voted against it, and thirteen for it; and Wozel, who was absent from the court through illness, said that he would have crawled on his hands and knees rather than it should have been passed. So great was the opposition that the law was modified to the extent of compelling all such cases to be tried by a special jury. Though passed in October, 1658, it did not come into effect till the following year, when two men and one woman were sentenced. The multitude were so much moved by the execution of the men, that the magistrates did not dare to proceed at the same time to that of the woman. Altogether

four persons were put to death. But what was the attitude of New Plymouth under these circumstances? *The freemen of that colony had nothing whatever to do with the passage or execution of this bloody law.* It was a law passed by the colony of Massachusetts; and the Puritans as distinguished from the Pilgrims must be held solely responsible for all that was done under it.

Plymouth cannot, however, be entirely absolved from guilt in reference to the Quakers. It is no part of our purpose to defend Plymouth. We shall have accomplished much if we vindicate the Pilgrim fathers from all blame. It might have been expected that their successors would have manifested the tolerant spirit which was inbred in themselves. This expectation was both fulfilled and disappointed. It was disappointed in the circumstances to which we have just adverted. The Federal Commissioners' meeting at their annual gathering in Boston, September 17, 1656, resolved to propose to the several general courts that all Quakers should be prohibited from coming into the United Colonies. Accordingly Plymouth made an enactment, June 3, 1657, in the spirit of the above suggestion. There was strong opposition to this local procedure; and Cudworth and Hatherley, who befriended the Quakers, were the next year left out of the magistracy.* The result was that Quakers were prohibited from entering Plymouth or from holding meetings there. As dates are of extreme importance in this inquiry, it is well to note that this first act of tyranny which we have been able to discover took place in 1657, that is, thirty-seven years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and when, in fact, all of them were in their graves. Fifty of them had died during the first winter, *i.e.*, a half of those who went out in the "Mayflower." John Carver, John Robinson, Fuller, and Brewster died in 1621, 1625, 1633, and 1643 respectively. Edward Winslow died in 1655, Myles Standish in 1656, and William Bradford in 1657. The executions at Boston took place two years after the last of the Pilgrims was laid in his grave; and the obnoxious law which afterwards marred the township of Plymouth was passed only in the same year. To accuse these men of persecution is to bring in the "dead hand" with a vengeance.†

* Cramp's History of the Baptists, pp. 408, 409.

† Bradford's New Plymouth, p. 384, note. Mr. Channey, who had adopted Baptist views, was elected pastor of the offshoot branch from Plymouth at Scituate. He practised immersion in the case of children.

* Palfrey's History of New England, vol. ii. p. 465, and p. 484 note.

† These remarks apply to the leaders of the Pilgrims. Twelve persons of the old stock were living in 1679 (see

But it may be asked, as a question of more than mere historical curiosity, as to whether the truths to which these noble men witnessed brought forth any distinct fruit in the New World. An answer to such an inquiry would take us too far afield. But we feel assured that their principles had due influence in the future development of New England. Those principles were held, however, by a comparative few. In the year 1640 the total number of English in New England was about twenty-two thousand,* and out of these the Pilgrims, even with the reinforcements which came after 1620, made but a handful. The tide of immigration into the New World was stopped. Both Puritans and Separatists had free play in England, and there was no incentive to a further exodus. The population existing in 1640 had to shape the future. As far as they were religious, the overwhelming majority were Puritan and not Separatist.† Hence Congregationalism took altogether a different course in New England from that which it pursued in Old England. It became entangled with State relations to townships, and had a texture of Presbyterianism worked into it from the beginning. It had a chequered course till it broke away from all entanglements. How much Boston Unitarianism is to be traced back as a reaction against ecclesiastical and spiritual tyranny it would be hard to determine with accuracy.

But while all this is clear to the most superficial student of history, we must look below the surface to see the working of the Pilgrim element. That element has never been lost. Plymouth began to decay; in 1646 many of the people left to form a new church at Eastham.‡ A church at Duxbury was formed in the same manner. Scituate was partly formed by emigrants from the Southwark church, partly from thirteen members of the Plymouth fellowship.§ It was Scituate that restored Cudworth to the magistracy after he had been left out by Plymouth for the part he had taken in favor of the Qua-

kers.* Though this is a small thing in itself, it is sufficient to show that the points at issue were well understood by at least a few. It seems that up to the year 1640 twenty-nine churches had been formed in New England on a Congregational basis; but of these only eight, and these among the smallest, were after the Plymouth type. We need not be surprised that the Robinsonian Independency did not become a greater factor in American life. The wonder is that it moulded the Puritan element as much as it did. As each relay of emigrants arrived they seemed to come under the spell of the Separatist principles; though at the same time the Separatists maintained their idiosyncrasies in the midst of all the changes which took place in those early years. While Massachusetts made church membership a condition of the franchise, New Plymouth acted on broader principles. Mr. Masson says that the Pilgrims had tantamount custom;† but the fact is that no general law seems to have been passed by this colony till the year 1671.‡ This law was strict, laying down a moral and religious test; but previously the Plymouth people had been most liberal in admitting "worldly" men to their community, and we may presume, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that they did not shut them out from the exercise of civic rights. What the Pilgrims tried to establish was a civil society growing out of a spiritual one. It was a grand idea. The intrusion of mercenary men and of the secular elements soon convinced them that even on those solitary shores their idea was but a dream. They preferred to restrict their company to men like-minded with themselves; and their wish became law in reference to disturbers of the public peace. Their territory was at first little more than a private estate where they lived together as a commune; but when the waves of the outer world began to dash on their shores, and other colonies sprang into being by their side, they showed that they had learned the meaning both of Church and State in some of their broadest and most liberal aspects. And this is the more remarkable when we reflect not only upon

Bradford's New Plymouth, p. 456). These were, however, children when the "Mayflower" arrived.

* Masson's Milton, vol. ii., p. 435.

† Out of the twenty-two thousand Puritans it is probable that not more than three hundred were Separatists by conviction. The "Mayflower" brought one hundred persons, and up to the year 1630 Plymouth received about one hundred and seventy additions. Of these fifty died during the first winter, and many of the rest were young people or children. On the other hand, about nine hundred and eighty persons went to Salem and Boston in the year 1630 alone.

‡ Clark, Congregational Churches in Massachusetts, p. 34.

§ Ibid. p. 16.

* Palfrey's New England, vol. ii., p. 533. Isaac Robinson, son of John Robinson, settled here with his mother in 1629; and this may, in some measure, account for the liberal feeling existing in Scituate.

† Life of Milton, vol. ii., p. 572.

‡ Palfrey's History of New England, vol. ii., p. 8. In 1671 it was enacted as a condition of receiving the franchise, that the citizen should be of sober and peaceable conversation, and orthodox in the fundamentals of religion.

their fewness, but also upon their social inferiority to the other settlers in the New World. The lessons of liberty had been learned in a hard school; and these lessons had been taught them by men of large capacity and of great sagacity. Robinson, Brewster, and Bradford were noble leaders, and their followers proved worthy of the great enterprise to which they were summoned; for they knew both how to live and die for liberty.

Puritanism took one course in the Old World, and quite another in the New. It was expelled from the national Church in 1662 in England, and at once betook itself to those vigorous Independent Churches which had had time to develop during the Commonwealth. It was thus that Independency became a great and growing power in this country. But in the New World it had to fight against the enervating influences of a prosperous semi-Presbyterianism and of a favoring State. The Boston Congregationalism of the seventeenth century was hardly distinguishable from Presbyterianism. But the Pilgrim element has proved an energetic if not a vitalizing force to the present day. It is a significant fact that up to 1836 not less than eighty-one of the Evangelical churches of Massachusetts had separated from the societies with which they had been previously connected; and that of these forty-six had been driven from their houses of worship by town or parish votes.* The Congregationalists have surrendered a large amount of property in order to maintain their evangelical character, and they have had to discover by slower processes than that of 1662 how incompatible is pure evangelicalism with State patronage and control. They have moved in a large degree on Presbyterian lines; but this policy has not saved them from lapses into Unitarianism, even as it did not save the Puritans of our own country. They have overwhelmed the Pilgrim principles of Separatism by their superior numbers; but none the less has that element told upon their ecclesiastical and national life; it has often been an undetected ozone in their moral atmosphere. The forces which build up a great nation like the United States are most complex. We have called attention to only one of these; but it is one of supreme importance. Our contention has been that the "Mayflower" carried in it no lurking seeds of persecution; and that its passengers

possessed, considering the times in which they lived, a clear comprehension of the meaning of religious and political freedom. We have not sought to vindicate their children or their immediate and remote successors. It is sufficient, and from every point of view important, to endeavor to prove that they themselves were the true pioneers of liberty.

SAMUEL PEARSON, M.A.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LADIES LINDORES.

CHAPTER XLIV.

JOHN ERSKINE returned to Dalruizian alone after this wonderful morning's work. He could scarcely believe that he was free to walk where he pleased, — to do what he liked. Four days is not a long period of time. But prison has an extraordinary effect, and his very limbs had seemed to tingle when he got the uncontrolled use of them again. Lord Lindores had driven him back as far as the gates of Lindores, and from thence he walked on, glad of the air, the sense of freedom and movement, — the silence in which to realize all that had passed. Enough had passed, indeed, to give full occasion for thought; and it was only now that the extraordinary character of the event struck him. Rolls! to associate Rolls with a tragedy. In his excitement John burst into a wild fit of laughter, which echoed along the quiet road; then, horrified by the sound, drew himself quickly together, and went on with the gravest countenance in the world. But it must be added that this thought of Rolls was only momentary, — it came and went, and was dropped into the surrounding darkness, in which all accidents of common life were heaped together as insignificant and secondary, in comparison with one central consciousness with which his whole firmament was ablaze. He had demanded "More! more!" but had not received another word. No explanation had ensued. The mother had come in with soft authority, with a steadfast blank of all understanding. Lady Lindores would not see that they wanted to talk to each other. She had not ceased to hold her daughter by the arm, affectionately leaning upon her, until they went away: and Edith had not spoken another word — had not even met his anxious looks with more than the most momentary fugitive glance. Thus John had withdrawn in that state of half certainty which, per-

* Clark's Congregational Churches in Massachusetts, p. 300.

haps, is more absorbing to the faculties and more transporting to the heart than any definite and indisputable fact ever can be. His whole being was in movement, agitated by a delicious doubt, by an eager, breathless longing to know, which was sweeter than knowledge. All the romance and witchcraft of passion was in it, its most ethereal part, —

Hopes, and fears that kindle hopes,
An indistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

Such was the potency of this charm, that, after he had thrown one thought at Rolls, and perceived the absurdity of the event, and given vent to the excited commentary of that laugh, John abandoned himself altogether to the sea of fancies, the questions, the answers, the profound trains of reasoning which belonged to that other unresolved and all-entrancing problem. He discussed with himself every word of Edith's letter, turning it over and over. Did it mean this? or peradventure, after all, did it only mean *that*? But if it meant that and not this, would she have so replied to his looks? would not she have said something more definitely discouraging when he appealed to her for more, more? She had not given him a word more; but she had replied with no stony look, no air of angry surprise or disdain, such as surely — Yet, on the other hand, might it not be possible that compassion and sympathy for his extraordinary circumstances, and the wrong he had undergone, might keep her, so sweet and good as she was, from any discouraging word? Only, in that case, would she have cast down her eyes *like that*? would they have melted into that unspeakable sweetness? So he ran on, as so many have done before him. He thought no more of the matter which had affected him so deeply for the last week, or of Torrance, who was dead, or of Rolls who was in jail, than he did of last year's snow. Every interest in heaven and earth concentrated to him in these endless delightful questions. When a man, or, for that matter, a woman, is in this beatific agitation of mind, the landscape generally becomes a sort of blur of light around them, and, save to the inward eye, which more than ever at such a moment is "the bliss of solitude," there is nothing that is very clearly visible. John saw this much, but no more, in Miss Barbara's old-fashioned dining-room — the genial gentlemen still at table, and Miss Barbara herself, in her

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white shawl, forming only a background to the real interest; and he perceived no more of the country round him as he walked, or the glow of the autumn foliage, the distance rolling away in soft blueness of autumnal mists to Tinto. He managed to walk along the road without seeing it, though it was so familiar, and arrived at his own gate with great surprise, unable to comprehend how he could have come so far. When he opened the gate, Peggy Fleming came out with her apron folded over her hands; but when she saw who it was, Peggy, forgetting the soap-suds, which showed it was washing-day, flung up her red moist arms to the sky, and gave utterance to a wild "skreigh" of welcome and joy. For a moment John thought nothing less than that he was to be seized in those wildly waving and soapy arms.

"Eh, it's the master!" Peggy cried. "Eh, it's himself! Eh, it's lies, every word; and I never believed it, no' a moment!" And with that she threw her apron over her head and began to sob — a sound which brought out all her children, one after another, to hang upon her skirts and eagerly investigate the reason why.

The warmth of this emotional welcome amused him, and he paused to say a word or two of kindness before he passed on. But he had not anticipated the excitement with which he was to be received. When he came in sight of his own house, the first sound of his step was responded to by the watchers within with an anxious alacrity. A head popped out at a window; a white-aproned figure appeared from the back of the house, and ran back at the sight of him. And then there arose a "skreigh" of rapture that threw Peggy's altogether into the shade, and Bauby rushed out upon him, with open arms, and all her subordinates behind her, moist and flowing with tears of joy. "Eh, Mr. John! Eh, my bonny man! Eh, laddie, laddie — that I should call you sae — my heart's just broken. And have you come hame? and have you come hame?"

"As you see," said John. He began to be rather tired of this primitive rejoicing, which presupposed that his detention had been a very serious matter, although by this time, in the crowd of other thoughts, it had come to look of no importance at all. But he remembered that he had a communication to make which, no doubt, would much lessen this delight; and he did not now feel at all disposed to laugh when he thought of Rolls. He took

Bauby by the arm, and led her with him, astonished, into the library. The other maids remained collected in the hall. To them, as to Peggy at the lodge, it seemed the most natural thing to imagine that he had escaped, and might be pursued. The excitement rose very high among them: they thought instantly of all the hiding-places that were practicable, each one of them being ready to defend him to the death.

And it was very difficult to convey to the mind of Bauby the information which John had to communicate. "Oh ay, sir," she said, with a curtsy; "just that. I was sure Tammas was at Dunnottar to be near his maister. He has a terrible opinion of his maister; but now you're back yoursel', there will be no-thing to keep him."

"You must understand," said John gently, "that Rolls—it was, I have no doubt, the merest accident; I wonder it did not happen to myself: Rolls—caught his bridle, you know —"

"Oh ay,—just that, sir," said Bauby; "but there will be no-thing to keep him, now you're back yoursel'."

"I'm afraid I don't make myself plain," said John. "Try to understand what I am saying. Rolls—your brother, you know —"

"Oh ay, sir," said Bauby, smiling broadly over all her beaming face, "he's just my brother—awbody kens that—and a real good brother Tammas has aye been to me."

John was at his wits' end. He began the story a dozen times over, and softened and broke it up into easy words, as if he had been speaking to a child. At last it gradually dawned upon Bauby, not as a fact, but as something he wanted to persuade her of. It was a shock, but she bore it nobly. "You are meaning to tell me, sir, that it was Tammas—our Tammas—that killed Pat Torrance, yon muckle man? Na,—it's just your joke, sir. Gentlemen will have their jokes."

"My joke!" cried John in horror; "do you think it is anything to joke about? I cannot understand it any more than you can. But it is fact; it is himself that says so. He got hold of the bridle —"

"Na, Mr. John; na, na, sir. What is the good of frightening a poor lone woman? The like of that could never happen. Na, na."

"But it is he himself who has said it; no one else could have imagined it for a moment. It is his own story —"

"And if it is," said Bauby—"mind ye,

Mr. John, I ken no-thing about it; but I ken our Tammas,—if it is, he's just said it to save—ithers: that's the way of it. I ken him and his ways —"

"To save—others?" The suggestion bewildered John.

"Oh ay—it's just that," said Bauby again. She dried her eyes carefully with her apron, pressing a tear into each corner. "Him pit forth his hand upon a gentleman, and a muckle man like Pat Torrance, and a muckle beast! Na, na, Mr. John! But he might think, maybe, that a person like him, no' of consequence—though he's of awfu' consequence to me," said Bauby, almost falling back into tears. She made an effort, however, and recovered her smile. "It's just a thing I can very weel understand."

"I think you must be out of your mind," cried her master. "Such things are not done in our day. What! play with the law, and take upon him another man's burden? Besides," said John impatiently, "for whom? In whom could he be so much interested as to play such a daring game?"

"Oh ay, sir, that's just the question," Bauby said composedly. From time to time she put up her apron. The shock she had received was comprehensible, but not the consolation. To follow her in this was beyond her master's power.

"That is the question indeed," John said gravely. "I think you must be mistaken. It is very much simpler to suppose what was the case,—that he gripped at the brute's bridle to save himself from being ridden down. It is the most wonderful thing in the world that I did not do it myself."

"I'm thinking sae, sir," said Bauby drily; and then she relapsed for a moment to the darker view of the situation, and rubbed her eyes with her apron. "What will they do with him?—is there much they can do with him?" she said.

She listened to John's explanations with composure, broken by sudden relapses into emotion; but, on the whole, she was a great deal more calm than John had expected. Her aspect confounded her master: and when at last she made him another curtsy, and folding her plump arms, with her apron over them, announced that "I maun go and see after my denner," his bewilderment reached its climax. She came back, however, after she had reached the door, and stood before him for a moment with, if that was possible to Bauby, a certain defiance. "You'll no' be taking on another man,"

she said, with a half-threatening smile but a slight quiver of her lip, "the time that you poor lad's away?"

This encounter was scarcely over when he had another claim made upon him by Beaufort, who suddenly rushed in, breathless and effusive, catching him by both hands and pouring forth congratulations. It was only then that it occurred to John as strange that Beaufort had not appeared at Dunearn, or taken any apparent interest in his fate; but the profuse explanations and excuses of his friend had the usual effect in directing his mind towards this dereliction from evident duty. Beaufort overflowed in confused apologies. "I did go to Dunearn, but I was too late; and I did not like to follow you to your aunt's, whom I don't know; and then — and then —" The fact is, I had an engagement," was the end of the whole; and as he said this, a curious change and movement came over Beaufort's face.

"An engagement! I did not think you knew anybody."

"No, — nor do I, except those I have known for years."

"The Lindores?" John said hastily, — "they were all at Dunearn."

"The fact is —" Here Beaufort paused and walked to the fire, which was low, and poked it vigorously. He had nearly succeeded in making an end of it altogether before he resumed. "The fact is," — with his back to John, — "I thought it only proper — to call — and make inquiries." He cleared his throat, then said hurriedly, "In short, Erskine, I have been to Tinto." There was a tremulous sound in his voice which went to John's heart. Who was he that he should blame his brother? A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

"*Déjà!*" was that all John said.

"*Déjà* — yes; perhaps I ought to have waited. But when you reflect how long — how long it is: and all that has happened, and what we both have suffered —"

"Do you mean that you have gone over all that already?" John asked, amazed. But Beaufort made him no reply. The fumes of that meeting were still in his head, and all that he had said and all that had been said to him. The master of the house was scarcely out of it, so to speak; his shadow was still upon the great room, the staircases, and passages; but Carry had lived, it seemed to her, years, since the decree of freedom was pronounced for her. If there was indecorum in his visit, she was unaware of it. To feel themselves together, to be able each to

pour out to the other the changes in their minds, the difference of age and experience, the unchangeableness of the heart, was to them both a mystery — a wonder inscrutable. Beaufort did not care a brass farthing for John's escape; he had heard all about it, but he had not even taken it into his mind. He tried to put on a little interest now, and asked some confused questions without paying any attention to the answers he received. When they met at dinner they talked upon indifferent subjects, ignoring on both sides the things that were of the deepest interest. "Has not Rolls come back with you? Oh, I beg your pardon, — I forgot," said Beaufort. And John did not think very much more of Rolls, to tell the truth.

Lord Millefleurs went away a few days after; but Beaufort considered that, on the whole, it would suit him better to remain in Scotland a little longer. "What can I do for you?" he said; "the duke is deceiving himself. You are quite as well able to look after yourself as I am. Why should I pretend to exercise functions which we all know are quite unnecessary? I have only just come, and Erskine is willing to keep me. I think I shall stay."

"My dear fellow," said little Millefleurs, "your sentiments are mine to a T; but we agreed, don't you know? that the duke has a great many things in his power, and that it might be as well to humor him. You have eased his mind, don't you know? — and why shouldn't you get the good of it? You are too viewy and disinterested, and that sort of thing. But I am a practical man. Come along!" said Millefleurs. When Beaufort continued to shake his head, as he puffed out solemn mouthfuls of smoke, planting himself ever more deeply, as if to take root there, in his easy-chair, Millefleurs turned to John and appealed to him. "Make that fellow come along, Erskine; it will be for his good," the little marquis said. There was a little pucker in his smooth forehead. "Life is not plain sailing," he went on; "*les convenances* are not such humbug as men suppose. Look here, Beaufort, come along; it will be better for you, don't you know —"

"I am sick of thinking what is better for me," said Beaufort. "I shall please myself for once in my life. What have the *convenances* to do with me?" He did not meet the look of his junior and supposed pupil, but got up and threw away his cigar and stalked to the window, where his long figure shut out almost all the light. Little Millefleurs folded his

plump hands, and shook his round, boyish head. The other was a much more dignified figure, but his outline against the light had a limp irresolution in it. He knew that he ought to go away; but how could he do it? To find your treasure that was lost after so many years, and then go straight away and leave it—was that possible? And then, perhaps, it had flashed across Beaufort's mind, who had been hanging on waiting for fortune so long, and never had bestirred himself,—perhaps it flashed upon him that now—*now*—the duke's patronage, and the places and promotions in his power, might be of less importance. But this was only a shadow flying like the shadows of the hills upon which he was gazing, involuntary, so that he was not to blame for it. Millefleurs went away alone next day. He took a very tender farewell of the ladies at Lindores, asking permission to write to them. "And if I hear anything of *her*, don't you know? I shall tell you," he said to Edith, holding her hand affectionately in both of his. "You must hear something of her—you must go and find her," said Edith. Millefleurs put his head on one side like a sentimental robin. "But it is quite unsuitable, don't you know?" he said, and drove away, kissing his hand with many a tender token of friendship. Lord Lindores could scarcely endure to see these evidences of an affectionate parting. He had come out, as in duty bound, to speed the parting guest with the proper smile of hospitable regret; but as soon as Millefleurs was out of sight, turned upon his heel with an expression of disgust. "He is a little fool, if he is not a little humbug. I wonder if he ever was in earnest at all?" This was addressed to Rintoul, who of late had avoided all such subjects, and now made no reply.

"I say, I wonder whether he ever meant anything serious at all?" said Lord Lindores, in a tone of irritation, having called his son into the library after him; "and you don't even take the trouble to answer me. But one thing he has done, he has invited you to Ess Castle; and as I suggested to you before, there is Lady Reseda, a very nice girl, in every way desirable—"

"I have had my leave already," said Rintoul hastily. "It was kind of Millefleurs; but I don't see how I can go—"

"I never knew before that there was any such serious difficulty about leave," said his father. "You can cut off your last fortnight here."

"I don't think that would do," said Rintoul, with a troubled look. "I have made engagements—for nearly every day."

"You had better speak out at once. Tell me, what I know you are thinking, that the duke's daughter, because your father suggests her, is not to be thought of. You are all alike. I once thought you had some sense, Rintoul."

"I—I hope I have so still. I don't think it is good taste to bring in a lady's name—"

"Oh, d—n your good taste," cried the exasperated father; "a connection of this kind would be everything for me. What I am trying to obtain will, remember this, be for you and your children as well. You have no right to reap the benefit if you don't do what you can to bring it about."

"I should like to speak to you on—the whole subject—some time or other," said the young man. He was like a man eager to give a blow, yet so frightened that he ran away in the very act of delivering it. Lord Lindores looked at him with suspicious eyes.

"I don't know any reason why you shouldn't speak now. It would be well that we should understand each other," he said.

But this took away all power from Rintoul. He almost trembled as he stood before his father's too keen, too penetrating eyes.

"Oh, don't let me trouble you now," he said nervously; "and besides, I have something to do. Dear me, it is three o'clock!" he cried, looking at his watch and hurrying away. But he had really no engagement for three o'clock. It was the time when Nora, escaping from her old lady, came out for a walk; and they had met on several occasions, though never by appointment. Nora, for her part, would not have consented to make any appointment. Already she began to feel herself in a false position. She was willing to accept and keep inviolable the secret with which he had trusted her; but that she herself, a girl full of high-mindedness and honor, should be his secret too, and carry on a clandestine intercourse which nobody knew anything of, was to Nora the last humiliation. She had not written home since it happened; for to write home and not to tell her mother of what had happened, would have seemed to the girl falsehood. She felt false with Miss Barbara; she had an intolerable sense at once of being wronged, and

wrong, in the presence of Lady Lindores and Edith. She would no more have made an appointment to meet him than she would have told a lie. But poor Nora, who was only a girl after all, notwithstanding these high principles of hers, took her walk daily along the Lindores road. It was the quietest, the prettiest. She had always liked it better than any other—so she said to herself; and naturally Rintoul, who could not go to Dunearn save by that way, met her there. She received him, not with any rosy flush of pleasure, but with a blush that was hot and angry, resolving that to-morrow she would turn her steps in a different direction, and that this should not occur again; and she did not even give him her hand when they met, as she would have done to the doctor or the minister, or any one of the ordinary passers-by.

"You are angry with me, Nora," he said.

"I don't know that I have any right to be angry. We have very little to do with each other, Lord Rintoul."

"Nora!" he cried; "Nora! do you want to break my heart? What is this? It is not so very long since——"

"It is long enough," she said, "to let me see—— It is better that we should not say anything more about that. One is a fool—one is taken by surprise—one does not think what it means——"

"Do you imagine I will let myself be thrown off like this?" he cried, with great agitation. "Nora, why should you despise me so—all for the sake of old Rolls?"

"It is not all for the sake of old Rolls."

"I will go and see him, if you like, to-day. I will find out from him what he means. It is his own doing, it is not my doing. You know I was more surprised than any one. Nora, think! If you only think, you will see that you are unreasonable. How could I stand up and contradict a man who had accused himself?"

"I was not thinking of Rolls," cried Nora, who had tried to break in on this flood of eloquence in vain. "I was thinking of—— Lord Rintoul, I am not a person of rank like you—I don't know what lords and ladies think it right to do—but I will not have clandestine meetings with any one. If a man wants me, if he were a prince, he must ask my father,—he must do it in the eye of day, not as if he were ashamed. Good-bye! do not expect me to see you any more." She turned as she spoke, waved her hand, and walked quickly away. He was too much aston-

ished to say a word. He made a step or two after her, but she called to him that she would not suffer it, and walked on at full speed. Rintoul looked after her aghast. He tried to laugh to himself, and to say, "Oh, it is that, is it?" but he could not. There was nothing gratifying to his pride to be got out of the incident at all. He turned after she was out of sight, and went home crest-fallen. She never turned round, nor looked back,—made no sign of knowing that he stood there watching her. Poor Rintoul crept along homeward in the early gloaming with a heavy heart. He would have to beard the lions, then—no help for it; indeed he had always intended to do it, but not now, when there was so much excitement in the air.

CHAPTER XLV.

ROLLS in the county jail, sent hither on his own confession, was in a very different position from John Erskine, waiting examination there. He was locked up without ceremony in a cell, his respectability and his well-known antecedents all ignored. Dunnotter was at some distance from the district in which he was known, and Thomas Rolls, domestic servant, charged with manslaughter, did not impress the official imagination as Mr. Rolls the factotum of Dalruizian had long impressed the mind of his own neighborhood and surroundings. And Rolls, to tell the truth, was deeply depressed when he found himself shut up within that blank interior, with nothing to do, and nothing to support the *amour propre* which was his strength, except the inborn conviction of his own righteousness and exemplary position,—a sight for all men. But there is nothing that takes down the sense of native merit so much as solitude and absence of appreciation. Opposition and hostility are stimulants and keep warm in us the sense of our own superiority, but not the contemptuous indifference of a surly turnkey to whom one is No. 25, and who cared not a straw for Rolls's position and career. He felt himself getting limp as the long, featureless days went on, and doubts of every kind assailed him. Had he been right to do it? Since he had made this sacrifice for his master, there had come into his mind a chill of doubt which he had never been touched by before. Was it certain that it was John who had done it? Might not he, Rolls, be making a victim of himself for some nameless tramp, who would never even know of it, nor care, and whose punish-

ment would be doubly deserved and worthy of no man's interference? Rolls felt that this was a suggestion of the devil for his discomfiture. He tried to chase it out of his mind by thinking of the pleasures he had secured for himself in that last week of his life — of Edinburgh Castle and the Calton Jail and the Earthen Mound and the wonders of the Observatory. To inspect these had been the dream of his life, and he had attained that felicity. He had believed that this would give him "plenty to think about" for the rest of his life — and that, especially for the time of his confinement, it would afford an excellent provision; but he did not find the solace that he had expected in musing upon Mons Meg and the Scottish regalia. How dreadful four walls become when you are shut up within them; how the air begins to hum and buzz after a while with your thoughts that have escaped you, and swarm about like bees, all murmurous and unresting — these were the discoveries he made. Rolls grew nervous, almost hysterical, in the unusual quiet. What would he not have given for his plate to polish, or his lamps to trim! He had been allowed to have what are called writing materials, — a few dingy sheets of note-paper, a penny bottle of ink, a rusty steel pen — but Rolls was not accustomed to literary composition: and a few books — but Rolls was scornful of what he called "novelles," and considered even more serious reading as an occupation which required thought and a mind free of care. And nobody came to see him. He had no effusion of gratitude and sweet praise from his master. Mr. Monypenny was Rolls's only visitor, who came to take all his explanations, and get a perfect understanding of how his case ought to be conducted. The butler had become rather limp and feeble before even Mr. Monypenny appeared.

"I'm maybe not worthy of much," Rolls said, with a wave of his hand, "but I think there's one or two might have come to see me — one or two."

"I think so too, Rolls; but it is not want of feeling. I have instructions from Mr. Erskine to spare no expense; to have the very best man that can be had. And I make no doubt we'll carry you through. I'm thinking of trying Jardine, who is at the very top of the tree."

"And what will that cost, if I may make so bold, Mr. Monypenny?"

When he heard the sum that was needed for the advocate's fee, Rolls's countenance fell, but his spirit rose. "Lord bless us!"

he said, "a' that for standing up and discoursing before the court! And most of them are real well pleased to hear themselves speak, if it were without fee or reward. I think shame to have a' that siller spent upon me; but it's a grand thing of the young master, and a great compliment: it will please Bauby, too."

"He ought to have come to see you, — so old a servant, and a most faithful one," said Mr. Monypenny.

"Well-awell, sir, there's many things to be said: a gentleman has things to do; there's a number of calls upon his time. He would mean well, I make no doubt, and then he would forget; but to put his hand in his pocket like that! Bauby will be very well pleased. I am glad, poor woman, that she has the like of that to keep up her heart."

"Well, Rolls, I am glad to see that you are so grateful. Thinking over all the circumstances, and that you lost no time in giving the alarm, and did your best to have succor carried to him, I think I may say that you will be let off very easy. I would not be astonished if you were discharged at once. In any case it will be a light sentence. You may keep your mind easy about that."

"It's all in the hands of Providence," said Rolls. He was scarcely willing to allow that his position was one to be considered so cheerfully. "It will be a grand exhibition o' eloquence," he said; "and will there be as much siller spent, and as great an advocate on the other side, Mr. Monypenny? It's a wonderful elevating thought to think that the best intellects in the land will be warstin' ower a simple body like me."

"And that is true, Rolls; they will just warstle over ye — it will be a treat to hear it. And if I get Jardine, he will do it *con amore*, for he's a sworn enemy to the procurator, and cannot bide the lord advocate. He's a tremendous speaker when he's got a good subject; and he'll do it *con amore*."

"Well-awell, sir; if it's *con amora*y or *con* anything else, sae long as he can convince the jury," said Rolls. He was pleased with the importance of this point of view; but when Mr. Monypenny left him, it required all his strength of mind to apply this consolation. "If they would but do it quick, I wouldna stand upon the honor of the thing," he said to himself.

Next day, however, he had a visitor who broke the tedium very effectually. Rolls could not believe his eyes when his door suddenly opened, and Lord Rintoul

came in. The young man was very much embarrassed, and divided, apparently, between a somewhat fretful shame and a desire to show great cordiality. He went so far as to shake hands with Rolls, and then sat down on the only chair, not seeming to know what to do next. At length he burst forth, coloring up to his hair, "I want to know what made you say that? — for you know it's not true."

Rolls, surprised greatly by his appearance at all, was thunderstruck by this sudden demand. "I don't just catch your meaning, my lord," he said.

"Oh, my meaning — my meaning is not very difficult. What are you here for? Is it on Erskine's account? Did he make any arrangement? What is he to do for you?" said Rintoul hurriedly. "It is all such a mystery to me, I don't know what to make of it. When I heard you say it, I could not believe my ears."

Rolls looked at him with a very steady gaze — a gaze which gradually became unbearable to the young man. "Don't stare at me," he cried roughly, "but answer me. What is the meaning of it? — that's what I want to know."

"Your lordship," said Rolls slowly, "is beginning at the hinder end of the subjekt, so far as I can see. Maybe ye will tell me first, my lord, what right ye have to come into a jyel that belongs to the queen's maist sacred Majesty, as the minister says, and question me, a person awaiting my trial? Are ye a commissioner, or are ye an advocate, or maybe with authority from the procurator himself? I never heard that you had anything to do with the law."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," said Rintoul, subduing himself. "No; I've nothing to do with the law. I dare say I'm very abrupt. I don't know how to put it, you know; but you remember I was there — at least I wasn't far off: I was — the first person that came. They'll call me for a witness at the trial, I suppose. Can't you see what a confusing sort of thing it is for me. I *know*, you know. Don't you know I *know*? Why, how could you have done it when it was — Look here, it would be a great relief to me, and to another — to — a lady — who takes a great interest in you — if you would speak out plain."

The eyes of Rolls were small and grey, — they were not distinguished by any brightness or penetrating quality; but any kind of eyes, when fixed immovably upon a man's face, especially a man who has anything to hide, become insupportable,

and burn holes into his very soul. Rintoul pushed away his chair, and tried to avoid this look. Then he perceived, suddenly, that he had appropriated the only chair, and that Rolls, whom he had no desire to irritate, but quite the reverse, was standing. He rose up hastily and thrust the chair towards him. "Look here," he said, "hadn't you better sit down? I didn't observe it was the only seat in the — room."

"They call this a cell, my lord, and we're in a jyel, not a private mansion. I'm a man biding the course of the law."

"Oh yes, yes, yes! I know all that: why should you worry me?" cried Rintoul. He wanted to be civil and friendly, but he did not know how. "We are all in a muddle," he said, "and don't see a step before us. Why have you done it? What object had he in asking you, or you in doing it? Can't you tell me? I'll make it all square with Erskine if you'll tell me: and I should know better what to do."

"You take a great interest in me — that was never any connection, nor even a servant in your lordship's family. It's awfu' sudden," said Rolls; "but I'll tell you what, my lord, — I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll tell me what reason you have for wanting to ken, I will tell you whatfor I'm here."

Rintoul looked at Rolls with a confused and anxious gaze, knowing that the latter on his side was reading him far more effectually. "You see," he said, "I was — somewhere about the wood. I — I don't pretend to mean that I could — see what you were about exactly — but — I *know*, you know!" cried Rintoul confusedly; "that's just my reason — and I want you to tell me what's the meaning? I don't suppose you can like being here," he said, glancing round; "it must be dreadful slow work, — nothing to do. You remember Miss Barrington, who always took so great an interest in you? Well, it was she — she — would like to know."

"Oh ay, Miss Nora," said Rolls. "Miss Nora was a young lady I likit weel. It was a great wish of mine, if we ever got our wishes in this world, that Dalrulzian and her might have drawn together. She was awfu' fond of the place."

"Dalrulzian and — I suppose you think there's nobody like Dalrulzian, as you call him," cried Rintoul, red with anger, but forcing a laugh. "Well, I don't know if it was for his sake or for your sake, Rolls; but Miss Nora — wanted to know —"

"And your lordship cam' a' this gait for that young lady's sake? She is set up with a lord to do her errands," said Rolls. "And there's few things I would refuse to Miss Nora; but my ain private affairs are — well, my lord, they're just my ain private affairs. I'm no bound to unburden my bosom, except at my ain will and pleasure, if it was to the queen herself."

"That is quite true — quite true, Rolls. Jove! what is the use of making mysteries? — if I was ignorant, don't you see! — but we're both in the same box. I was — his brother-in-law, you know: that made it so much worse for me. Look here! you let me run on, and let out all sort of things."

"Do you mean to tell me, Lord Rintoul, that it was you that pushed Pat Torrance over the brae?"

The two men stood gazing at each other. The old butler, flushed with excitement, his shaky old figure erecting itself, expanding, taking a commanding aspect; the young lord, pale, with anxious puckers about his eyes, shrinking backward into himself, deprecating, as if in old Rolls he saw a judge ready to condemn him. "We are all — in the same box," he faltered. "He was mad; he would have it: first, Erskine; if it didn't happen with Erskine, it was his good luck. Then there's you, and me —" Rintoul never took his eyes from those of Rolls, on whose decision his fate seemed to hang. He was too much confused to know very well what he was saying. The very event itself, which he had scarcely been able to forget since it happened, began to be jumbled up in his mind. Rolls — somehow Rolls must have had to do with it too. It was not he only that had seized the bridle, — that had heard the horrible scramble of the hoofs, and the dull crash and moan. He seemed to hear all that again as he stood drawing back before John Erskine's servant. Erskine had been in it. It might just as well have happened to Erskine; and it seemed to him, in his giddy bewilderment, that it had happened again also to Rolls. But Rolls had kept his counsel, while he had betrayed himself. All the alarms which he had gone through on the morning of the examination came over him again. Well! perhaps she would be satisfied now.

"Then it was none of my business," said Rolls. The old man felt as if he had fallen from a great height. He was stunned and silenced for the moment. He sat down upon his bed vacantly, forgetting all the punctilios in which his life

had been formed. "Then the young master thinks it's me," he added slowly, "and divines no-thing, no-thing! and instead of the truth, will say till himself, 'That auld brute, Rolls, to save his auld bones, keepit me in prison four days.'" The consternation with which he dropped forth sentence after sentence from his mouth, supporting his head in his hands, and looking out from the curve of his palms with horror-stricken eyes into the air, not so much as noticing his alarmed and anxious companion, was wonderful. Then after a long pause, Rolls, looking up briskly, with a light of indignation in his face, exclaimed, "And a' the time it was you, my lad, that did it? — I'm meaning," Rolls added with fine emphasis, "my lord! and never steppit in like a gentleman to say, 'It's me — set free that innocent man' —"

"Rolls, look here!" cried Rintoul, with passion — "look here! don't think so badly till you know. I meant to do it. I went there that morning fully prepared. You can ask her, and she will tell you. When somebody said, 'The man's here' — Jove! I stepped out; I was quite ready. And then — you might have doubled me up with a touch; you might have knocked me down with a feather — when I saw it was *you*. What could I do? The words were taken out of my mouth. Which of us would they have believed? Most likely they would have thought we were both in a conspiracy to save Erskine, and that he was the guilty one after all."

It was not a very close attention which Rolls gave to this impassioned statement. He was more occupied, as was natural, with its effect upon his own position. "I was just an auld eediot," he said to himself — "just a fool, as I've been all my born days. And what will Bauby say? And Dalrulzian, he'll think I was in earnest, and that it was just me! Lord be about us, to think a man should come to my age, and be just as great a fool! Him do it! No; if I had just ever thought upon the subjik; if I hadna been an eediot, and an ill-thinking, suspicious, bad-minded — Lord! me to have been in the Dalrulzian family this thirty years, and kenned them to the backbone, and made such a mistake at the end —" He paused for a long time upon this, and then added, in a shrill tone of emotion, shame, and distress, "And now he will think a' the time that it was really me!"

Rintoul felt himself sink into the background with the strangest feelings. When a man has wound himself up to make an

acknowledgment of wrong, whatever it is, even of much less importance than this, he expects to gain a certain credit for his performance. Had it been done in the Town House at Dunearn, the news would have run through the country and thrilled every bosom. When he considered the passionate anxiety with which Nora had awaited his explanation on that wonderful day, and the ferment caused by Rolls's substitution of himself for his master, it seemed strange indeed that this old fellow should receive the confession of a person so much his superior, and one which might deliver him from all the consequences of his rashness, with such curious unconcern. He stood before the old butler like a boy before his schoolmaster, as much irritated by the carelessness with which he was treated as frightened for the certain punishment. And yet it was his only policy to ignore all that was disrespectful, and to conciliate Rolls. He waited, therefore, though with his blood boiling, through the sort of colloquy which Rolls thus held with himself, not interrupting, wondering, and yet saying to himself there could be no doubt what the next step must be.

"I am no' showing ye proper respect, my lord," said Rolls at last; "but when things is a' out of the ordinar like this, it canna be wondered at if a man forgets his mairners. It's terrible strange all that's happened. I canna well give an account o't to myself. That I should been such an eediot, and you—maybe no' so keen about your honor as your lordship's friends might desire." Here he made a pause, as sometimes a schoolmaster will do, to see his victim writhe and tempt him to rebellion. But Rintoul was cowed, and made no reply.

"And ye have much to answer for, my lord," Rolls continued, "on my account, though ye maybe never thought me worth a thought. Ye've led me to take a step that it will be hard to win over—that has now no justification and little excuse. For my part, I canna see my way out of it, one way or another," he added, with a sigh; "for you'll allow that it's but little claim you, or the like of you, for all your lordship, have upon me."

"I have no claim," said Rintoul hastily; and then he added, in a whisper of intense anxiety, "What are you going to do?"

Rolls rose up from his bed to answer this question. He went to the high window with its iron railings across the light, from which he could just see the few

houses that surrounded the gates, and the sky above them. He gave a sigh, in which there was great pathos and self-commiseration, and then he said, with a tone of bewilderment and despair, though his phraseology was not, perhaps, dignified,— "I'm in a hobble that I cannot see how to get out of. A man cannot, for his ain credit, say one thing one afternoon and another the next day."

"Rolls," said Rintoul, with new hope, coming a little closer, "we are not rich: but if I could offer you anything,—make it up to you, anyhow——"

"Hold your peace, my lord," said the old man testily—"hold your peace. Speak o' the vulgar!" he added to himself, in an undertone of angry scorn. "Maybe you think I did it for siller—for something I was to get!" Then he returned to his bed and sat down again, passing Rintoul as if he did not see him. "But the lad is young," he said to himself, "and it would be shairp, shairp upon the family, being the son-in-law and a'. And to say I did it, and then to say I didna do it, wha would put ony faith in me? I'm just committed to it one way or another. It's not what I thought, but I'll have to see it through. My Lord Rintoul," said Rolls, raising his head, "you've gotten me into a pretty pickle, and I canna see my way out of it. I'm just that way situate that I canna contradict myself—at least, I will not contradict myself!" he added, with an angry little stamp of his foot. "They may say I'm a homicide, but no man shall say I'm a leear. It would make more scandal if I were to turn round upon you and convict ye out of your ain mouth, than if I were just to hold my tongue, and see what the High Court of Justeiciary will say."

"Rolls!" Rintoul could not believe his ears in the relief and joy. He wanted to burst forth into a thousand thanks, but dared not speak lest he should offend rather than please. "Rolls! if you will do me such a kindness, I shall never forget it. No words can tell what I feel. If I can do anything—no, no, that is not what I mean—to please you—to show my gratitude——"

"I am not one to flatter," said Rolls. "It would be for none of your sake—it would be just for myself, and my ain credit. But there are twa-three things. You will sign me a paper in your ain hand of write, proving that it was you, and no' me. I will make no use o't till a's blown over; but I wouldna like the master to go to his grave, nor to follow me to mine

—as he would be sure to do—thinking it was me. I'll have that for a satisfaction. And then there's another bit maitter. Ye'll go against our young master in no-thing he's set his heart upon. He is a lad that is sore left to himself. Good and evil were set before him, and he—did not choose the good. And the third thing is just this. Him that brings either skaith or scorn upon Miss Nora, I'll no' put a fit to the ground for him if he was the king. Thir's my conditions, my Lord Rintoul. If ye like them, ye can give your promise—if no', no'; and all that is to follow will be according. For I'm no' a Lindores man, nor have naething to do with the parish, let alane the family: ye needna imagine one way or another that it's for your sake —”

“If you want to set up as overseer over my conduct,” cried Rintoul hastily, “and interfere with my private concerns —”

“What am I heedin' aboot your lordship's private concerns? No me! They're above me as far as the castle's above the kitchen. Na, na. Just what regards young Dalrulzian, and anything that has to do with Miss Nora —”

“Don't bring in a lady's name, at least,” cried Rintoul, divided between rage and fear.

“And who was it that brought in the lady's name? You can do it for your purpose, my lord, and I'll do't for mine. If I hear of a thing that lady's father would not approve of, or that brings a tear to her bonnie eyes, poor thing! poor thing!”

“For heaven's sake, Rolls, hold that tongue of yours! Do you think I want an old fellow like you to teach me my duty to—to—the girl I'm going to marry! Don't drive a man mad by way of doing him a favor. I'm not ungrateful. I'll not forget it. Whatever I can do—but for God's sake don't hit a fellow when he's down,—don't dig at me as if I hadn't a feeling in me,” cried Rintoul. He felt more and more like a whipped schoolboy, half crying, half foaming at the mouth, with desprite and humiliation. It is impossible to describe the grim pleasure with which Rolls looked on. He liked to see the effect of his words. He liked to bring this young lord to his knees, and enjoy his triumph over him. But there are limits to mortal enjoyment, and the time during which his visitor was permitted to remain with him was near an end. Rolls employed the few minutes that remained in impressing upon Rintoul the

need for great caution in his evidence. “Ye maun take aufu' care to keep to the truth. Ye'll mind that a' ye have to do with is after you and me met. An oath is no' a thing to play with,—an oath,” said Rolls, shaking his grey head, “is a terrible thing.”

Rintoul, in his excitement, laughed loud. “You set me an excellent example,” he said.

“I hope so,” said Rolls gravely. “Ye'll mind this, my lord, that the accused is no' on his oath; he canna be called upon to criminate himself—that's one of the first grand safeguards of our laws. Whatever ill posterity may hear of me, there's no one in the country can say that Thomas Rolls was mansworn!”

Rintoul left Dunnottar with fellings for which it would be difficult to find any description in words. There was a ringing in his ears as he drove across the bare, moorland country about Dunnottar, a dizzying rush of all his thoughts. He had the feeling of a man who has just escaped a great personal danger, and scarcely realizes, yet is tremblingly conscious in every limb, of his escape. He threw the reins to his groom when he approached Dunearn, and walked through the little town in the hope of seeing Nora, notwithstanding her disavowal of him, to pour out into her ears—the only ones into which he could breathe it—an account of this extraordinary interview. But it was in vain that he traced with eager feet every path she was likely to take, and walked past Miss Barbara's house again and yet again, till the lamps began to be lighted in the tranquil streets and to show at the windows. The evening was chilly, and Rintoul was cold with agitation and anxiety. He felt more disconsolate than any peri as he stood outside, and looking up saw the windows all closed so carefully, the shutters barred, the curtains drawn. There was no chance for him through these manifold mufflings, and he did not venture to go and ask for her, though she was so necessary to him,—not only his love and his affianced wife, as he said to himself, but his only confidant, the sole creature in the world to whom he dared to speak of that which filled his mind and heart. It was with the most forlorn sense of abandonment and desolation that he turned his face towards the house in which he was so important, and so much love awaited him, but where nobody knew even the ABC of his history. His only confidant was offended Nora, who had vowed to see him no more.

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BOYS.

As a humble student of savage life, I have found it necessary to make researches into the manners and customs of boys. Boys are not what a vain people supposes. If you meet them in the holidays, you find them affable and full of kindness and good qualities. They will condescend to your weakness at lawn-tennis, they will aid you in your selection of fly-hooks, and, to be brief, will behave with much more than the civility of tame Zulus or Red Men on a missionary settlement. But boys at school and among themselves, left to the wild justice and traditional laws which many generations of boys have evolved, are entirely different beings. They resemble that Polynesian prince who had rejected the errors of polytheism for those of an extreme sect of Primitive Seceders. For weeks at a time this prince was known to be "steady," but every month or so he disappeared, and his subjects said he was "lying off." To adopt an American idiom, he "felt like brandy and water;" he also "felt like" wearing no clothes, and generally rejecting his new conceptions of duty and decency. In fact, he had a good bout of savagery, and then he returned to his tall hat, his varnished boots, his hymn-book, and his edifying principles. The life of small boys at school (before they get into long-tailed coats and the upper fifth) is often a mere course of "lying off"—of relapse into native savagery with its laws and customs.

If any one has so far forgotten his own boyhood as to think this description exaggerated, let him just fancy what our comfortable civilized life would be, if we could become boys in character and custom. Let us suppose that you are elected to a new club, of which most of the members are strangers to you. You enter the doors for the first time, when two older members, who have been gossiping in the hall, pounce upon you with the exclamation, "Hullo, here's a new fellow! You fellow, what's your name?" You reply, let us say, "Johnson." "I don't believe it, it's such a rum name. What's your father?" Perhaps you are constrained to answer, "A duke" or (more probably) "A solicitor." In the former case your friends bound up into the smoking-room, howling, "Here's a new fellow says his father is a duke. Let's take the cheek out of him." And they "take it out" with umbrellas, slippers, and other surgical instruments. Or in the latter case

(your parents being a solicitor) they reply: "Then your father must be a beastly cad. All solicitors are sharks. *My* father says so, and he knows. How many sisters have you?" The new member answers, "Four." "Any of them married?" "No." "How awfully awkward for you!" By this time, perhaps, luncheon is ready, or the evening papers come in, and you are released for a moment. You sneak up into the library, where you naturally expect to be entirely alone, and you settle on a sofa with a novel. But an old member bursts into the room, spies a new fellow, and puts him through the usual catechism. He ends with, "How much tin have you got?" You answer, "Twenty pounds," or whatever the sum may be, for perhaps you had contemplated playing whist. "Very well, fork it out; you must give a dinner, all new fellows must, and *you* are not going to begin by being a stingy beast?" Thus addressed, as your friend is a big, bold man, who looks mischievous, you do "fork out" all your ready money, and your new friend goes off to consult the cook. Meanwhile you "shed a blooming tear," as Homer says, and go home heart-broken. Now, does any grown-up man call this state of society civilization? Would life be worth living (whatever one's religious consolations) on these terms? Of course not, and yet this picture is a not overdrawn sketch of the career of some new boy, at some schools new or old. The existence of a small schoolboy is, in other respects, not unlike that of an outsider, a half-trusted and half-contemned outsider in an Irish "Brotherhood," as the Irish playfully call their murder clubs. The small boy is *in* the society, but not *of* it, as far as any benefits go. He has to field out (and I admit that the discipline is salutary) while other boys bat. Other boys commit the faults, and compel him to copy out the impositions—say five hundred lines of Virgil—with which their sins are visited. Other boys enjoy the pleasures of football, while the small boy has to run vaguely about, never within five yards of the ball. Big boys reap the glories of paper-chases, the small boy gets lost in the bitter weather, on the open moors, or perhaps (as in one historical case) is frozen to death within a measurable distance of the school playground. And the worst of it is that, as a member of the great school secret society, the small boy can never complain of his wrongs, or divulge the name of his tormentors. It is in this respect that he resembles a harmless fellow, dragged into

the coils of an Irish "Inner Brotherhood." He is exposed to all sorts of wrongs from his neighbors, and he can only escape by turning "informer," by breaking the most sacred law of his society, losing all social status, and, probably, obliging his parents to remove him from school. Life at school, as among the Irish people, turns on the belief that law and authority are natural enemies, against which every one is banded.

The chapter of bullying among boys is one on which a man enters with reluctance. Boys are, on the whole, such good fellows, and so full of fine, unsophisticated qualities, that the mature mind would gladly turn away its eyes from beholding their iniquities. Even a cruel bully does not inevitably and invariably develop into a bad man. He is, let us hope, only passing through the savage stage, in which the torture of prisoners is a recognized institution. He has, perhaps, too little imagination to understand the pain he causes. Very often bullying is not physically cruel, but only a perverted sort of humor, such as Kingsley, in "Hypatia," recognized among his favorite Goths. I remember a feeble foolish boy at school (feeble he certainly was, and was thought foolish) who became the subject of much humorous bullying. His companions used to tie a thin thread round his ear, and attach this to a bar at such a height that he could only avoid breaking it by standing on tip-toe. But he was told that he must not break the thread. To avoid infringing this commandment, he put himself to considerable inconvenience, and afforded much enjoyment to the spectators. According to most authorities, bullying is no longer what it was. Men of middle age, rather early middle age, remember the two following species of bullying to which they were subjected, and which, perhaps, are obsolescent. Tall stools were piled up in a pyramid, and the victim was seated on the top, near the roof of the room. The other savages brought him down from this bad eminence by hurling other stools at those which supported him. Or the victim was made to place his hands against the door, with the fingers outstretched, while the young tormentors played at the Chinese knife-trick. They threw knives, that is to say, at the door between the apertures of the fingers, and, as a rule, they hit the fingers and not the door. These diversions I know to be correctly reported, but the following pretty story is, perhaps, a myth. At one of the most famous public schools, a præpostor,

or monitor, or sixth-form boy having authority, heard a pistol-shot in the room above his own. He went up and found a big boy and a little boy. They denied having any pistol. The monitor returned to his studies, again was sure he heard a shot, went up, and found the little boy dead. The big boy had been playing the William Tell trick with him, and had hit his head instead of the apple. That is the legend. Whether it be true or false, all boys will agree that the little victim could not have escaped by complaining to the monitor. No. Death before dishonor. This is an extreme example, and really the tale seems one of those best told to a gallant, but proverbially confiding branch of her Majesty's service. But the side not so seamy of this picture of school life is the extraordinary power of honor among boys. Of course the laws of the secret society might well terrify a puerile informer. But the sentiment of honor is even more strong than fear, and will probably outlast the very disagreeable circumstances in which it was developed.

People say bullying is not what it used to be. The much-abused monitorial system has this in it of good, that it enables a clever and kindly boy who is high up in the school to stop the cruelties (if he hears of them) of a much bigger boy who is low in the school. But he seldom hears of them. Habitual bullies are very cunning, and I am acquainted with instances in which they carry their victims off to lonely torture cells (so to speak) and deserted places fit for the sport. Some years ago a small boy, after a long course of rope-ascending in out-of-the-way dens, revealed the abominations of some naval cadets. There was not much sympathy with him in the public mind, and perhaps his case was not well managed. But it was made clear that whereas among men an unpopular person is only spoken evil of behind his back, an unpopular small boy among boys is made to suffer in a more direct and very unpleasant way.

Most of us leave school with the impression that there was a good deal of bullying when we were little, but that the institution has died out. The truth is that we have grown too big to be bullied, and too good-natured to bully ourselves. When I left school, I thought bullying was an extinct art, like encaustic painting (before it was rediscovered by Mr. Richmond). But a distinguished writer, who was a small boy when I was a big one, has since revealed to me the most abominable cruelties which were being prac-

tised at the very moment when I supposed bullying to have had its day and ceased to be. Now, the small boy need only have mentioned the circumstances to any one of a score of big boys, and the tormentor would have been first thrashed, and then, probably, expelled. A friend of my own was travelling lately in a wild and hilly region on the other side of the world, let us say in the Mountains of the Moon. In a mountain tavern he had thrust upon him the society of the cook, a very useless young man, who astonished him by references to one of our universities, and to the enjoyments of that seat of learning. This youth (who was made cook, and a very bad cook too, because he could do nothing else) had been expelled from a large English school. And he was expelled because he had felled a bully with a paving-stone, and had expressed his readiness to do it again. Now, there was no doubt that this cook in the mountain inn was a very unserviceable young fellow. But I wish more boys who have suffered things literally unspeakable from bullies would try whether force (in the form of a paving-stone) is really no remedy. But perhaps this is a relapse into the "wild justice of revenge," as they call it when one man shoots another in Ireland because he owes him money.

The Catholic author of a recent book ("Schools," by Lieut.-Col. Raleigh Chichester), is very hard on "Protestant schools," and thinks that the Catholic system of constant watching is a remedy for bullying and other evils. "Swing-doors with their upper half glazed, might have their uses," he says, and he does not see why a boy should not be permitted to complain, if he is roasted, like Tom Brown, before a large fire. The boys at one Catholic school described by Colonel Raleigh Chichester, "are never without surveillance of some sort. This is true of most French schools, and any one who wishes to understand the consequences (there) may read the recently published confessions of a *pion* — an usher, or "spy." A more degraded and degrading life than that of the wretched *pion*, it is impossible to imagine. In an English private school, the system of *espionage* and tale-bearing, when it exists, is probably not unlike what Mr. Anstey describes in "Vice Versâ." But in the Catholic schools spoken of by Colonel Raleigh Chichester, the surveillance may be, as he says, "that of a parent; an aid to the boys in their games rather than a check." The religious question as between Catholics and

Protestants has no essential connection with the subject. A Protestant school might, and Grimstone's did, have tale-bearers; possibly a Catholic school might exist without parental surveillance. That system is called by its foes a "police," by its friends a "paternal" system. But fathers don't exercise the "paternal" system themselves in this country, and we may take it for granted that, while English society and religion are as they are, surveillance at our large schools will be impossible. If any one regrets this, let him read the descriptions of French schools and school-days, in Balzac's "Louis Lambert," in the memoirs of M. Maxime du Camp, in any book where a Frenchman speaks his mind about his youth. He will find spying (of course) among the ushers, contempt and hatred on the side of the boys, unwholesome and cruel punishments, a total lack of healthy exercise; and he will hear of holidays spent in premature excursions into forbidden and shady quarters of the town. No doubt the best security against bullying is in constant occupation. There can hardly (in spite of Master George Osborne's experience in "Vanity Fair") be much bullying in an open cricket-field. Big boys, too, with good hearts, should not only stop bullying when they come across it, but make it their business to find out where it exists. Exist it will, more or less, despite all precautions, while boys are boys — that is, are passing through a modified form of the savage state.

There is a curious fact in the boyish character which seems, at first sight, to make good the opinion that private education, at home, is the true method. Before they go out into school life, many little fellows of nine, or so, are extremely original, imaginative, and almost poetical. They are fond of books, fond of nature, and, if you can win their confidence, will tell you all sorts of pretty thoughts and fancies which lie about them in their infancy. I have known a little boy who liked to lie on the grass and to people the alleys and glades of that miniature forest with fairies and dwarfs, whom he seemed actually to see in a kind of vision. But he went to school, he instantly won the hundred yards race for boys under twelve, and he came back a young barbarian, interested in "the theory of touch" (at football), curious in the art of bowling, and no more capable than you or I of seeing fairies in a green meadow. He was caught up into the air of the boy's world, and his imagination was in abeyance for a

season. This is a common enough thing, and rather a melancholy spectacle to behold. One is tempted to believe that school causes the loss of a good deal of genius, and that the small boys who leave home poets, and come back barbarians, have been wasted. But, on the other hand, if they had been kept at home and encouraged, the chances are that they would have blossomed into infant phenomena and nothing better. The awful infancy of Mr. John Stuart Mill is a standing warning. Mr. Mill would probably have been a much happier and wiser man if he had not been a precocious linguist, economist, and philosopher, but had passed through a healthy stage of indifference to learning and speculation at a public school. Look again, at the childhood of Bishop Thirlwall. His "*Primitia*" were published (by Samuel Tipper, London, 1808) when young Connop was but eleven years of age. His indiscreet father "launched this slender bark," as he says, and it sailed through three editions between 1808 and 1809. Young Thirlwall was taught Latin at three years of age, "and at four read Greek with an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him." At seven he composed an essay "On the Uncertainty of Human Life," but "his taste for poetry was not discovered till a later period." His sermons, some forty, occupy most of the little volume in which these "*Primitia*" were collected. He was especially concerned about Sabbath desecration. "I confess," observes this sage of ten, "when I look upon the present and past state of our public morals, and when I contrast our present luxury, dissipation, and depravity, with past frugality and virtue, I feel not merely a sensation of regret, but also of terror, for the result of the change." "The late Revolution in France," he adds, "has afforded us a remarkable lesson how necessary religion is to a State, and that from a deficiency on that head arise the chief evils which can befall society." He then bids us "remember that the Nebuchadnezzar who may destroy our Israel is near at hand," though it might be difficult to show how Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Israel. As to the uncertainty of life, he remarks that "Edward VI. died in his minority, and disappointed his subjects, to whom he had promised a happy reign." Of this infant's thirty-nine sermons (just as many as the articles), it may be said that they are in no way inferior to other examples of this class of literature. But sermons are among the least "scarce"

and "rare" of human essays, and many parents would rather have their boy patiently acquiring the art of wicket-keeping at school than moralizing on the uncertainty of life at home. Some one "having presented to the young author a copy of verses on the trite and familiar subject of the Ploughboy," he replied with an ode on "the Potboy."

Bliss is not always join'd to wealth,
Nor dwells beneath the gilded roof,
For poverty is bliss with health,
Of that my potboy stands a proof.

The volume ends with this determination,

Still shall I seek Apollo's shelt'ring ray,
To cheer my spirits and inspire my lay.

If any parent or guardian desires further information about "*Les Enfants devenus célèbres par leurs écrits*," he will find it in a work of that name, published in Paris in 1688. The learned Scioppius published works at sixteen, "which deserved" (and perhaps obtained) "the admiration of dotards." M. Du Maurier asserts that, at the age of fifteen, Grotius pleaded causes at the bar. At eleven Meursius made orations and harangues which were much admired. At fifteen Alexandre le Jeune wrote anacreontic verses, and (less excusably) a commentary on the Institutions of Cajus. Grevin published a tragedy and two comedies at the age of thirteen, and at fifteen Louis Stella was a professor of Greek. But no one reads Grevin now, nor Stella, nor Alexandre le Jeune, and perhaps their time might have been better occupied in being "soaring human boys" than in composing tragedies and commentaries. Monsieur le Duc de Maine published, in 1678, his "*Œuvres Diverses d'un Auteur de Sept Ans*," a royal example to be avoided by all boys. These and several score of other examples may perhaps reconcile us to the spectacle of puerile genius fading away in the existence of the common British schoolboy, who is nothing of a poet, and still less of a jurisconsult.

The British authors who understand boys best are not those who have written books exclusively about boys. There is Canon Farrar, for example, whose romances of boyish life appear to be very popular, but whose boys, somehow, are not real boys. They are too good when they are good, and when they are bad, they are not perhaps too bad (that is impossible), but they are bad in the wrong way. They are bad with a mannish and

conscious vice, whereas even bad boys seem to sin less consciously and after a ferocious fashion of their own. Of the boys in "Tom Brown" it is difficult to speak, because the Rugby boy under Arnold seems to have been of a peculiar species. A contemporary pupil was asked, when an undergraduate, what he conceived to be the peculiar characteristic of Rugby boys. He said, after mature reflection, that the *differentia* of the Rugby boy was his moral thoughtfulness. Now the characteristic of the ordinary boy is his want of what is called moral thoughtfulness. He lives in simple obedience to school traditions. These may compel him, at one school, to speak in a peculiar language, and to persecute and beat all boys who are slow at learning this language. At another school he may regard dislike of the manly game of football as the sin with which "heaven heads the count of crimes." On the whole this notion seems a useful protest against the immaturely artistic beings who fill their studies with photographs of Greek fragments, casts, etchings by the newest etcher, bits of china, Oriental rugs, and very curious old brass candlesticks. The "challenge cup" soon passes away from the keeping of any house in a public school where Bunthorne is a popular and imitated character. But when we reach æsthetic boys, we pass out of the savage stage into hobbledehood. The bigger boys at public schools are often terribly "advanced," and when they are not worshipping the sunflower they are vexing themselves with the riddle of the earth, evolution, agnosticism, and all that kind of thing. Latin verses may not be what conservatives fondly deem them, and even cricket may, it is said, become too absorbing a pursuit, but either or both are better than precocious freethinking and sacrifice on the altar of the beautiful. A big boy who is tackling Haeckel or composing *virelais* in playtime is doing himself no good, and is worse than useless to the society of which he is a member. The small boys, who are the most ardent of hero-worshippers, either despise him or they allow him to address them in *chansons royales*, and respond with trebles in *triolet*s. At present a great many boys leave school, pass three years or four at the universities, and go back as masters to the place where some of their old schoolfellows are still pupils. It is through these very young masters, perhaps, that "advanced" speculations and tastes get into schools, where, however excellent in themselves,

they are rather out of place. Indeed, the very young master, though usually earnest in his work, must be a sage indeed if he can avoid talking to the elder boys about the problems that interest him, and so forcing their minds into precocious attitudes. The advantage of Eton boys used to be, perhaps is still, that they came up to college absolutely destitute of "ideas," and guiltless of reading anything more modern than Virgil. Thus their intellects were quite fallow, and they made astonishing progress when they bent their fresh and unwearied minds to study. But too many boys now leave school with settled opinions derived from the very latest thing out, from the newest German pessimist or American socialist. It may, however, be argued that ideas of these sorts are like measles, and that it is better to take them early and be done with them forever.

While schools are reformed and Latin grammars of the utmost ingenuity and difficulty are published, boys on the whole change very little. They remain the beings whom Thackeray understood better than any other writer: Thackeray, who liked boys so much and was so little blind to their defects. I think he exaggerates their habit of lying to masters, or, if they lied in his day, their character has altered in that respect, and they are more truthful than many men find it expedient to be. And they have given up fighting; the old battles between Berry and Biggs, or Dobbin and Cuff (major) are things of the glorious past. Big boys don't fight, and there is a whisper that little boys kick each other's shins when in wrath. That practice can hardly be called an improvement, even if we do not care for fisticuffs. Perhaps the gloves are the best peacemakers at school. When all the boys, by practice in boxing, know pretty well whom they can in a friendly way lick, they are less tempted to more crucial experiments "without the gloves." But even the ascertainment of one's relative merits with the gloves hurts a good deal, and one may thank heaven that the fountain of youth (as described by Pontus de Tyarde) is not a common beverage. By drinking this liquid, says the old Frenchman, one is insensibly brought back from old to middle age, and to youth and boyhood. But one would prefer to stop drinking before actually being reduced to boy's estate, and passing once more through the tumultuous experiences of that period. And of these, *not having enough to eat* is by no means the least common.

The evidence as to execrable dinners is rather dispiriting, and one may end by saying that if there is a worse fellow than a bully, it is a master who does not see that his boys are supplied with plenty of wholesome food. He, at least, could not venture, like a distinguished head master, to preach and publish sermons on "Boys' Life: its Fulness." A schoolmaster who has boarders is a hotel-keeper, and thereby makes his income, but he need not keep a hotel which would be dispraised in guide-books. Dinners are a branch of school economy which should not be left to the wives of schoolmasters. *They* have never been boys.

From The Quarterly Review.
NASMYTH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

DR SMILES, in his preface to the first of these interesting volumes, tells us that twenty years ago, when he asked Mr. Nasmyth for information respecting his mechanical inventions, he received a very modest reply. "My life," said Mr. Nasmyth, "presents no striking or remarkable incidents, and would, I fear, prove but a tame narrative. The sphere to which my endeavors have been confined has been of a comparatively quiet order; but, vanity apart, I hope I have been able to leave a few marks of my existence behind me in the shape of useful contrivances, which are in many ways helping on great works of industry." It would be difficult to say on which of the two aspects of his life thus suggested Mr. Nasmyth's modesty in this observation is the more remarkable. The "few marks of his existence" which he hopes he has been able to leave behind him comprise among them the most powerful of all modern mechanical inventions — the steam-hammer. By the creation of that machine our power of dealing with iron has been so vastly enhanced in degree, as to be practically different in kind from that which we previously commanded; and it is intimately associated with many other applications of steam-power, which have transformed important branches of the art of engineering. The invention of the steam-hammer practically endowed mankind with a new mechanical

instrument, as important as the lever, the wedge, or the screw. Without it, there were limits, and comparatively narrow ones, to the size of the masses of iron which we could forge, and to the force we could bring to bear on them. With it, it is hardly too much to say that, for practical purposes, our power in this respect is unlimited. No forgings which are requisite in practice are too large for the steam-hammer to operate upon, and any force we need for such purposes is capable of being exerted by it. While it can crack an egg in a wineglass without hurting the glass, it can shower down rapid blows on a mass of heated iron with force enough to shake the parish in which it stands. It would be interesting enough to learn from the author of this invention how it arose in his mind, and how it was connected with the numerous other contrivances of his brilliant professional career. Such an invention marks an epoch in the development of man's power over nature; and even if it were the product of mere intellectual or professional skill, its history would be extremely instructive and interesting.

But Mr. Nasmyth underrated the general interest of his life even more than he understated the importance of his great invention. His work as an engineer is indissolubly associated with his whole personal character and training, and a background of deep human interest lies behind his mechanical triumphs. There are, no doubt, many instances in which great professional or intellectual achievements are practically dissociated from a man's personal character. In some men the brain seems to work as a kind of calculating machine, or intellectual tool, and to have little relation to the moral qualities which make up personal character. This is, however, peculiarly possible in the case of work which is subject to purely scientific laws. In such pursuits, the brain may become like an engine which is set on a pair of rails, and must needs reach the terminus at the other end, if the steam only lasts long enough. But there are other instances, and these belong to the highest order of mental activity, in which the whole man — his whole moral character and the influences which have formed it — is involved in his scientific work, and determines its results. In such cases the man himself is of far greater interest than his productions, and the narrative of his life can never be tame. Some men's achievements seem almost accidental, due to no deliberate exercise

* 1. *James Nasmyth, Engineer: an Autobiography*. Edited by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. London, 1883.

2. *The Moon: considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite*. By James Nasmyth, C.E., and James Carpenter, F.R.A.S. Second edition. London, 1874.

of thought or will, and scarcely to be traced even to antecedent influences. But when it is clear that a man was born with a capacity for the special work he has fulfilled, when he has been trained to it by every influence of his childhood and youth, and when he has fought his way consciously to his end by a continuous struggle with difficulties, his life becomes a drama, and his professional achievements become secondary to his personal and family history. This is eminently the case with Mr. Nasmyth. It is the most curious part of his story, that the foundations of his career are laid deep in Scottish history, and that the accumulated influences and inheritances of four generations conspire to mould his character, his hand, and his eye. Nor is it only the influences of his own family to which he is indebted for his capacities and his success. As he tells the simple facts of his story, all the most characteristic elements of Scottish life are brought before us, and the Edinburgh society of this century and the last is vividly depicted in all its best features. It is seldom that so complete a picture is offered us of a phase of life which is at once of the deepest interest in itself, and has played a momentous part in our national history. A hundred years ago, few persons would have supposed that Scottish life, in all its wildness and sternness, had been gradually nursing a breed of men who were to take the lead in some of the most important spheres of our national being, and to give a new impulse and new method to English capacities. But this is what Scottish history had been doing for several centuries, and especially since the Reformation. In modern scientific language, Scotland had been rendered a great accumulator of intellectual, moral, and muscular force; which, after the suppression of the last Stuart rebellion, was turned to practical purposes in this country and in the British empire. "How can it be possible," said Wilkes to Boswell, "to spend two thousand a year in Scotland?" "Why," said Johnson, "the money may be spent in England." It might have been asked to more purpose, what the Scotch were to do with the wonderful store of moral intensity, intellectual acuteness, and sound health, which their hardy, struggling, and religious life of centuries had accumulated. But Johnson's answer would have been equally true. They could spend it in England; and to men like Mr. Nasmyth this country, with its ever-increasing demands for mechanical, commercial, and administra-

tive ability, offered the very career for which they had been under so long a preparation.

The Nasmyths begin, as they have ended, with the story of a hammer. The family legend tells that, in the reign of James III. of Scotland, an ancestor of the family, who was fighting on the side of the king against the Douglasses, had to take refuge, on the occasion of the temporary defeat of his party, in a smithy, where the smith disguised him as a hammerman. A party of the Douglasses entered the smithy, and suspected the disguise. In his agitation the fugitive struck a false blow with his hammer, which broke the shaft in two; on which the story goes that the pursuer rushed at him, calling out, "Ye're nae smyth!" On this the hammerman turned on his assailant, wrenched a dagger from his hands and overpowered him, and with the aid of the smith drove back the Douglas men, rallied his own party, and converted a defeat into a victory. For this exploit he was rewarded with a grant of lands; and he took for his armorial bearings "a hand dexter with a dagger, between two broken hammer-shafts." The motto was "*Non arte sed marte*," — "Not by art but by war." Mr. Nasmyth has curiously reversed the motto and the whole legend. He has become the greatest smith of his generation. The hammer has become his great weapon; and the motto he has adopted, which embodies the spirit of all his engineering achievements, is "*Non marte sed arte*."

Starting from this incident, — be it a fact, or an "eponymous legend," — the Nasmyths became a family of considerable distinction in Scottish history. They held high positions in the service of the Scottish kings, and intermarried with many of the leading houses in Scotland. A branch of them settled at Nethererton, near Hamilton. Here they remained until Charles II.'s measures against the Covenanters. The Nasmyths were divided between the two parties, but the Nethererton family took part with the Covenanters, and was deprived of its lands. The estate at Nethererton was handed over to the Duke of Hamilton; its former owner took refuge in Edinburgh; and here he and his children had to begin the world again. Mr. Nasmyth is able to trace back the new fortunes of his family to his great-great-grandfather, Michael Nasmyth, who was born in 1652. He was a builder and architect, distinguished for the substantial character of his work, alike in wood and stone; and he found his

opportunity in the demand which arose among the nobility and gentry for new mansions in place of their gloomy old castellated houses or towers. He was succeeded in his business by Mr. Nasmyth's great-grandfather, who was a man of much ability and large experience. But the following account of one of his great advantages exhibits a contrast with our own time, of which we are frequently reminded in the course of these pages:—

One of his great advantages in carrying on his business was the support of a staff of able and trustworthy foremen and workmen. The times were very different then from what they are now. Masters and men lived together in mutual harmony. There was a kind of loyal family attachment among them, which extended through many generations. Workmen had neither the desire nor the means for shifting about from place to place. On the contrary, they settled down with their wives and families in houses of their own, close to the workshops of their employers. Work was found for them in the dull seasons when trade was slack, and in summer they sometimes removed to jobs at a distance from headquarters. Much of this feeling of attachment and loyalty between workmen and their employers has now expired. Men rapidly remove from place to place. Character is of little consequence. The mutual feeling of goodwill and zealous attention to work seems to have passed away. Sudden change, scamping, and shoddy, have taken their place (p. 12).

In 1751 Mr. Nasmyth's grandfather succeeded to the family business, and carried still higher its reputation for thoroughness of workmanship. About this time Edinburgh began to be extended to the ground on the north of the old city, beyond what used to be called the North Loch, through which the railway now runs; and Michael Nasmyth set the example of building the fine style of houses with which the modern part of Edinburgh is adorned. From his boyhood Mr. Nasmyth was taught by his father to admire the excellence of his grandfather's workmanship, and he believes that these early lessons had a great influence upon his after career. Not a little he thinks may be due to his grandmother, who, as is shown by a sampler she made in 1743, possessed exquisite skill in needlework. He is fain to think that her delicate manipulation in some respects descended to her grandchildren, who have all been distinguished for the delicate use of their fingers, either in artistic or in mechanical work. "The power of transmitting to paper or canvas the artistic conceptions of the brain through the fingers, and out

at the end of the needle, the pencil, the pen, or brush, or even the modelling tool or chisel, is that which, in practical fact, constitutes the true artist."

This Michael Nasmyth left two sons, the second of whom, Alexander Nasmyth, the father of our engineer, became a distinguished painter, and it is in connection with him that we are introduced into the society of Edinburgh at the end of the last century. He was born in the Grassmarket on the 9th of September, 1758. Opposite the house in which he was born was the inn from which the first coach started from Edinburgh to Newcastle. The public notice stated that "the coach would set out from the Grass Market ilka Tuesday at Twa o'clock in the day, GOD WULLIN', but *whether or no* on Wednesday." Mr. Nasmyth presumes that the "whether or no" was only meant as a warning to passengers that the coach would start, even though all the places were not taken, as though the divine interposition were to be limited to the ensuring of due custom to the enterprise. It is strange to think that two lives, one of which happily still subsists, span the period of the immense revolution represented by the starting of the Edinburgh coach to Newcastle, on the one hand, and the commencement of electric locomotion on the other. Few things, it might well seem, are more surprising than the lack of surprise generally observable in men who are old enough to have witnessed the great mechanical transformation of life which has been effected within this century. To younger people it often seems as if the days of coaches must have belonged to a different world from the present, while their elders appear to be sensible of no vital change. It is but an illustration of the truth, that the human elements of life predominate in all ages over the material, and that the ordinary passions and struggles of human nature render the world substantially the same, whatever its external circumstances.

Alexander Nasmyth, at his own earnest request, was bound apprentice as painter to the chief coach-builder in Edinburgh. But his artistic skill was so marked that one day Allan Ramsay, then court painter to George III., happening to notice him at work at the coach-builder's, paid a considerable sum of money for the transfer of his indentures to himself. He took the lad to London, to assist him in the accessories of his work as a portrait-painter, and gave him the run of his studio. These advantages were turned to

good account; and when Alexander Nasmyth was twenty years old, in 1778, he returned to Edinburgh to practise the profession of portrait-painter on his own behalf.

He soon obtained ample employment, and gained many friends. Among them was a man who deserves commendation as the pioneer of no less an invention than the steamboat, and this in the very form to which a recurrence was made a few years ago in the twin vessel "Castalia," constructed to run between Dover and Calais. The idea arose from the introduction into the navy of the manœuvre known as "breaking the line." Mr. Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, a retired banker of Edinburgh, had already invented the famous Carronade gun, so called from the Carron Ironworks near Stirling, in which he was one of the largest shareholders; and it occurred to him that this naval manœuvre might be facilitated, if ships of war could be set in motion independently of wind, tide, or calms. Alexander Nasmyth, though the artistic faculty was predominant with him, inherited the family skill in mechanical contrivances, and was able to reduce Mr. Miller's ideas to a definite form in a series of drawings. The original design was to divide the vessel into twin or triple hulls, with paddles between them, to be worked by the crew. A double-hulled vessel of this kind was built, and was tried in the Firth of Forth on June 2, 1787. But the manual labor was evidently too exhausting; and a student of divinity who was on board, named Taylor, suggested the employment of steam power. The same suggestion was made by a young engineer named Symington, who was at that time exhibiting a road locomotive in Edinburgh, and Mr. Miller gave him orders to construct a pair of engines for the purpose of his boat. The result was that on the 14th of October, 1788, the first steam vessel was tried on Dalswinton Lake. Like the former vessel, it was double-hulled, with the paddles between; and it "steamed delightfully, at the rate of from four to five miles an hour, though this was not her extreme rate of speed." Alexander Nasmyth drew a sketch of this remarkable vessel, which is reproduced in his son's pages; and the occasion, memorable enough in itself, was made still more remarkable by the company who were present. On the vessel, besides Mr. Miller, Mr. Symington, the engineer, Alexander Nasmyth, Sir William Monteith, and William Taylor, was Robert Burns,

the poet, who was then a tenant of Mr. Miller's; and on the edge of the lake was a young gentleman then on a visit to Dalswinton, who was Henry Brougham. There was another remarkable feature about this experiment. The hull of the vessel was of iron; it was constructed of tinned iron plate. Thus this very first attempt in steam navigation embodied the main ideas which have marked all the subsequent developments of the art. Mr. Miller is said to have spent 30,000*l.* on naval improvements, and, notwithstanding, to have been wholly overlooked by the government. It illustrates the terrible cost at which wars are fought, that an invention of this importance was comparatively neglected amidst the great struggle of the next quarter of a century.

Alexander Nasmyth's services in working out Mr. Miller's schemes were rewarded with the generosity which characterizes all the chief persons who come before us in this book. Mr. Miller offered to lend him 500*l.* to prosecute his studies in Italy, and he was thus enabled to spend two years in Florence, Bologna, Padua, and other great schools of art. On his return he married, in 1786, Barbara Foulis, and of her gracious influence over her children's characters her son speaks in terms of the deepest affection and gratitude.

These were the happy days of Edinburgh life, of which we have already spoken. Among Alexander Nasmyth's companions, besides Robert Burns, were Sir Walter Scott, of whom there are several interesting reminiscences, Lockhart, Dr. Brewster, David Wilkie, Henry Cockburn, Francis Jeffrey, John A. Murray, Professor Wilson, the two Ballantynes, James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd), and Henry Raeburn. There was then a great deal of club-life in Edinburgh, of the best and most genial kind. The members met, not, as in the great clubs of modern London, for the sake of luxury or convenience, but to enjoy each other's society. The Dilettanti Club, for instance, to which the names just mentioned belonged, met every fortnight, on Thursday evenings, in a commodious tavern in the High Street; and the drinks were restricted to Edinburgh ale and whisky toddy. Numerous touches reveal the geniality which prevailed among those choice spirits. Burns was a frequent companion of Mr. Nasmyth's father, and they had many walks together in the romantic neighborhood of the city. Mr. Nasmyth quotes Lockhart's saying, in his "Life of Burns," that "the

magnificent scenery of the Scottish capital filled the poet with extraordinary delight. In the spring mornings, he walked very often to the top of Arthur's Seat, and, lying prostrate on the turf, surveyed the rising of the sun out of the sea in silent admiration; his chosen companion on such occasions being that learned artist and ardent lover of nature, Alexander Nasmyth."

Another of Alexander Nasmyth's favorite companions was the famous portrait-painter Raeburn, and Mr. Nasmyth as a boy often joined them in their afternoon walks round Edinburgh, particularly about Arthur's Seat. He says that he thus picked up many an idea that served him well in after life, and he pays a just tribute to the charm of artists' society. "Their innate and highly cultivated power of observation, not only as regards the ever-varying aspects of nature, but also as regards the quaint, droll, and humorous varieties of character, concur in rendering their conversation most delightful." He himself, as several sketches in this volume testify, is an artist of high capacity, and these artistic associations play a large part in his life.

But the club-life of Edinburgh does not seem to have been any rival to the genialities of domestic hospitality. When the day's work was over, friends were wont to look in to his father's house to have a "fireside crack:" sometimes scientific men, sometimes artists — often both. There was no formality about their visits. "The visitor came in with his 'Good e'en,' and seated himself; the family went on with their work as before. The girls were usually busy with the needles, and others with pen and pencil. My father would go on with the artistic work he had in hand, for his industry was incessant." The happy simplicity of habits, and the cheapness of many simple luxuries, facilitated this free hospitality. Mr. Nasmyth's father would never allow his visitors to go away without supper; but the meal did not cost much. "Rizzard or Finnan haddies, or a dish of oysters, with a glass of Edinburgh ale and a rummer of toddy, concluded these friendly evenings," and "the freshest oysters, of the most glorious quality, were to be had at 2s. 6d. the hundred." The reader will share in Mr. Nasmyth's feeling that these unostentatious and inexpensive gatherings of friends were a most delightful social institution. He fears that even in Edinburgh they have disappeared in the more showy and costly tastes of modern

society, and it is one of the most unfortunate features of the life of the present day in London, that there are no opportunities for such simple friendly intercourse. Doubtless in a vast city like London it would be out of the question for people to open their houses as freely as was practicable in the cozy society of Edinburgh a hundred years ago. The evening visits of friends must needs be restricted to occasions when they are expressly invited. But no reasonable excuse can be offered for the extravagant scale of entertainment which has now become usual, if not universal, along the middle and professional classes. Nobody is the happier for the expensive wines, the numerous dishes, and all the elaborate preparations, which are now thought necessary to a dinner party. Among many bad results, one of the worst is to make the gatherings of friends rare, and proportionately uncomfortable. The host and hostess are on the strain in more ways than one; the effort is visibly too great; an undue number of guests is asked, in order to get rid of as many troublesome obligations as possible at one stroke; the dinner is so prolonged that the company have no sufficient opportunities of mixing together after it is over, and real interchange of thought and feeling is prevented rather than assisted. If a few serious professional people would have the courage to disregard these ridiculous, and even dishonest fashions, and would set the example of asking a few choice friends to simple dinners, a little better, but only a little better, than those they are daily content with themselves, they would do not a little to improve alike the moral, the mental, and even the physical health of society. In particular, it is a pity that the clergy do not set a better example in this respect. It is strictly within their office to foster habits of simplicity in the society around them, and if they would lead the way in this reform, they would command, not only respect for their example, but the strongest sympathy and support. Mr. Nasmyth says that the memory of those happy evenings at his father's table makes him think that, in spite of all the engineering and mechanical achievements of the present day, "we are not a bit more happy than when all the vaunted triumphs of science and so-called education were in embryo." But there is every reason why we should be happier. Increased facilities of travelling should help to bring friends together, and increased education should enhance

the pleasures of conversation. All that is necessary is, that people should have the sense and the honesty to use their increased opportunities with moderation and economy, and with a determination not to sacrifice the real advantages of social intercourse to the vanities of social display.

Politics had an interesting share in determining the course of Alexander Nasmyth's artistic career. He attached himself to the party of reform, attended Fox dinners, and expressed frank opinions respecting the necessity of remedying the glaring abuses of the day. But Edinburgh was then a much smaller place than it is now; "there was more gossip, and perhaps espionage, among the better classes," and Mr. Nasmyth received many hints from aristocratic and wealthy personages, that "if this went on any longer they would withdraw from him their employment." He did not alter his course, and his income from portrait-painting fell off rapidly. But instead of being discouraged, he turned his attention to landscape-painting, and achieved such success in it that he has been called the Father of Landscape-painting in Scotland. Indeed it would seem there was nothing he could not have turned his hand to. His son describes him as an "all-round man," and says he had "something of the universal about him." He was a painter, an architect, and a mechanic, and at the service of all his capacities he had "a powerful store of common sense." He was professionally consulted by the authorities of Edinburgh about the laying out of the streets of the New Town, and was the architect of the Dean Bridge which spans the new valley of the water of Leith. He was the inventor of the important method of constructing bridges known as the "bow and string bridge;" and in mechanics he devised the method of riveting by compression, instead of by blows of the hammer, which is now universally used in all wrought-iron structures in which thoroughly sound riveting is essential. Mechanical work was, in fact, one of his greatest pleasures. Besides his painting-room, he had a work-room fitted up with all kinds of mechanical tools; and it was in this work-room that his son first learned to handle them. "It was," says Mr. Nasmyth, "my primary technical school, the very foreground of my life."

There was another faculty conspicuous in Mr. Nasmyth, and characteristic alike of his son and of his family. Mr. Nasmyth calls it "the resourcefulness of the

family," and he gives several amusing instances of it. The most amusing of all, perhaps, is a story of his father's youthful days in London:—

He had made arrangements with a sweetheart to take her to Ranelagh, one of the most fashionable places of public amusement in London. Everybody went in full dress, and the bucks and swells wore long striped silk stockings. My father, on searching, found that he had only one pair of silk stockings left. He washed them himself in his lodging-room, and hung them up before the fire to dry. When he went to look at them, they were so singed and burned that he could not put them on. They were totally useless. In this sad dilemma his resourcefulness came to his aid. The happy idea occurred to him of painting his legs so as to resemble stockings. He went to his water-color box, and dexterously painted them with black and white stripes. When the paint dried, which it soon did, he completed his toilet, met his sweetheart, and went to Ranelagh. No one observed the difference, except, indeed, that he was complimented on the perfection of the fit, and was asked "where he bought his stockings." Of course he evaded all such questions, and left the gardens without any one discovering his artistic trick (p. 25).

Another instance is his device for planting with trees a rocky crag in the Duke of Athol's grounds, which it was impossible to climb. He had observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannon used for firing salutes on great days. He procured a number of tin canisters, filled them with suitable tree-seeds, and then fired them from the cannon against the face of the rock. The seeds were scattered in all directions; and this scheme of planting by artillery proved completely successful. His invention of the process of riveting by compression was an application of the same faculty. It arose from his having occasion to repair a stove on a Sunday morning, when he was reluctant to disturb his neighbors by the noise of a hammer. It occurred to him to use the jaws of his bench-vice to squeeze the hot rivets in when put into their places. The stove was thus repaired in perfect silence, and in remembrance of the special circumstances under which this silent and most effective method of riveting was contrived, he called it "the Sunday rivet."

We must reluctantly leave Mr. Nasmyth's stories of his father's life, and turn to his own; but in doing so we must remark that one of the pleasantest features of this autobiography is furnished by his happy and affectionate reminiscences of all his relations. A rare com-

bination of mutual trust, respect, affection, and at the same time generous independence, is conspicuous in all his references to them. A happier model of family relations it would not be easy to find. One of the most touching episodes of the book is his account of his brother Patrick, the well-known landscape-painter — an enthusiastic student of nature, careless of money, and becoming the easy prey of the dealers, and dying at the age of forty-four of a cold caught in painting some picturesque old pollard willows up the Thames. Dr. Smiles, in his introduction, says that one of Mr. Nasmyth's principal objects in preparing the notes of his autobiography was to introduce a memorial to his father, to whom he owed so much, and to whom he was so greatly attached through life; and he has succeeded in giving a picture, not only of his father, but of his whole family, which will be cherished by all who have read it as one of the most pleasant and wholesome examples of family affection which they have ever read. It is in homes like these that the men who make the strength of a country are formed.

Mr. Nasmyth himself appears to have displayed his characteristic virtue very early. His mother told him that he must have been "a very noticin' bairn," since she observed him, when only a few days old, following with his little eyes any one who happened to be in the room, as if he had been thinking to his little self, "Who are you?" "A noticin' bairn" he has remained all through life, and not content with observing things in this planet, he has spent a good part of his leisure in "noticin'" the sun and moon, with such effect as to throw new and important light on their structure. His education was a strange combination of haphazard, stupidity, and skill. He used to go with the servants of the household, who lived in the confidential relations with the family which were among the best features of the old times, to the Calton Hill, to wait while the clothes bleached in the sun. It happened that on the northern side of this hill there were many workshops, where interesting trades were carried on — such as those of copper-smiths, tin-smiths, brass-founders, gold-beaters, and blacksmiths. Little boys looked in and saw the men at work amidst the blaze of fires and the beating of hammers; and Mr. Nasmyth thinks he may almost say that this row of busy workshops was his first school of practical education. But he went to one of the chief private

schools of Edinburgh, where his "primitive method of spelling by ear, in accordance with the simple sound of the letters of the alphabet," brought him into collision with his teacher. He got many a "cuff" on the side of his head, and many a "palmy" on his hands with a thick strap of hard leather. He observes that "it is a very cowardly act to deal with a little boy in so cruel a manner, and to send him home with his back and fingers tingling, and sometimes bleeding, because he cannot learn so quickly as his fellows." It is, indeed, amazing that this cruelty should have been practised in the teaching and training of boys until within the experience of many living men of middle age. This particular master was vicious and vindictive. On one occasion he got out of temper with Mr. Nasmyth's dulness "in not comprehending something about a 'preter-pluperfect tense,' or some mystery of that sort." He seized him by the ears, and beat his head against the wall behind him with such savage violence, that when he was let go, stunned and unable to stand, he fell forward on the floor bleeding violently at the nose, and with a terrific headache. "The wretch," as Mr. Nasmyth says, "might have ruined my brain for life." His father threatened the man with a summons for assault, but on making a humble apology he was let off. The incident, we fear, was no unusual one in those days; and it is difficult not to think that incalculable injury must have been inflicted on little boys by such usage.

In 1817, when only nine years old, he went to the Edinburgh High School; and there too, though he was of course better treated, his time was still very much wasted for the purposes of real education. He thinks that, had the master explained to his pupils the close relation between Latin and Greek roots and the familiar words of their own language, they might have been interested in the subject. But their memories were strained by "being made to say off by heart, as it was absurdly called, whole batches of grammatical rules, with all the botheration of irregular verbs and such like." The real difficulty, however, is revealed by the fact, that his master had to teach a class of nearly two hundred boys. The first condition of thoughtful teaching and of considerate handling of boys is that the masters should not have too many under their charge to render individual attention practicable. When one man has to teach two hundred boys,

none but rough and ready processes are possible. The only real lesson young Nasmyth learned during his three years at the High School was, he thinks, the duty of doing his tasks punctually and cheerfully, however disagreeable they might be. This, as he says, is an exercise that is very useful in later years; but there is no reason why it should not be taught with more profitable accompaniments. He left the High School in 1820, carrying with him a small amount of Latin, and no Greek. We think it was the present president of the French ministry, M. Ferry, who, when minister of public instruction a few years ago, asked whether it was necessary for boys to spend half-a-dozen years of their lives "in not learning Latin," and the question is a difficult one to answer. But Mr. Nasmyth makes an observation on the subject which curiously illustrates the different points of view which different minds take of the subjects of instruction. He wanted, he says, "something more living and quickening" than the dead languages; and he found it in arithmetic and geometry. There are plenty of boys and young men to whom, under the care of a judicious master, the dead languages and the classical authors are full of life, but to whom Euclid and arithmetic are utterly dead and barren. The sympathy Mr. Nasmyth displays with human life assures us that, if properly taught, he might in time have taken plenty of interest in the dead languages; and he might then have avoided in his old age translating a motto, or rather a part of a motto, on his ancestors' tomb, "*Ars mihi vim contra fortuna*," to mean "Art is my strength in contending against fortune." If this is a fair specimen of his construing as a boy, it is not surprising if his teachers were sometimes irritated. However, there can be no question of the melancholy blundering exhibited by such a record of a clever boy's instruction up to the age of thirteen, and Mr. Smiles justly draws attention in his preface to the light which Mr. Nasmyth's experience casts upon the true method of education. It was the training he received from his father, and the practical experience he picked up in some of the workshops and foundries of Edinburgh, which provided the best part of his education.

He made several friends at the High School, and among these schoolfellows were the sons of a large ironfounder and of a practical chemist. He seems to have won the hearts of both these gentle-

men and of their best workmen, and got initiated into the secrets of their arts. He looks back to those days as a most important period in his education as a mechanical engineer. Instead of merely reading about such things, which would have been of little use, he "saw and handled," and thus all the ideas connected with them became permanently rooted in his mind. The father of his chemical friend encouraged him and his own boy to prepare for themselves the acids and other substances used in their experiments. They bought nothing ready made, and thus they became familiar with the properties of all the materials with which they had to deal. This, he observes, may appear a very troublesome and roundabout method, but he is sure there is no better means of rooting chemical or any other instruction deeply in the mind. He fears that the technical instruction of the present day is very defective in this respect, and that there is little of real technical handiness or head work called out in it. The following observations may well be taken to heart in reference to many subjects besides engineering:—

I often observe, in shop-windows, every detail of model ships and model steam-engines, supplied ready made for those who are "said to be" of an ingenious and mechanical turn. Thus the vital uses of resourcefulness are done away with, and a sham exhibition of mechanical genius is paraded before you by the young impostors—the result, for the most part, of too free a supply of pocket money. I have known too many instances of parents being led by such false evidence of constructive skill to apprentice their sons to some engineering firm; and, after paying vast sums, finding out that the pretender comes out of the engineering shop with no other practical accomplishment than that of glove-wearing and cigar-smoking!

The truth is that the eyes and the fingers—the *bare fingers*—are the two principal inlets to sound practical instruction. They are the chief sources of trustworthy knowledge in all the materials and operations which the engineer has to deal with. No *book* knowledge can avail for that purpose. The nature and properties of the materials must come in through the finger-ends. Hence, I have no faith in young engineers who are addicted to wearing gloves. Gloves, especially kid gloves, are perfect non-conductors of technical knowledge. This has really more to do with the efficiency of young aspirants for engineering success than most people are aware of. Yet kid gloves are now considered the genteel thing (p. 96).

All this training in the practice of engineering was supplemented by his father's constant lessons in the art of drawing

His eye and hand were constantly being educated in drawing simple objects. His father would throw down at random a number of bricks, and set him to copy their forms and proportions, their lights and shadows. He was an enthusiast in favor of this graphic language, and it formed a principal part of his son's education. It gave him the power of recording observations with a few strokes of the pencil, and proved one of his most useful accomplishments, serving him many a good turn in after years in his engineering business. With all this he was constantly busy; mind, hands, and body being kept in a state of delightful and instructive activity. When not drawing he was occupied in his father's workshop at the lathe, the furnace, or the bench. He made his own tools, constructed his own chemical apparatus, and gradually became initiated into every variety of mechanical and chemical manipulation. At last he became skilled enough to construct small workshop steam-engines, one of which he provided for his father's work-room, to grind the oil colors used in his artistic work. He then constructed sectional models of the steam-engine, one for the Edinburgh School of Arts, and another for the use of Professor Leslie, in his lectures on natural philosophy. The latter piece of work procured him not only free admission to the professor's class, but his personal friendship and private instruction. The price he charged for his models was 10s., and of this he made over a third to his father, as some sort of help towards his maintenance, and with the rest he purchased tickets of admission to various courses of lectures in the university on subjects connected with natural philosophy. The manner in which he contrived, with such simple means, to get all this work done affords a striking illustration alike of the perseverance and of the "resourcefulness" with which he was gifted:—

I got up early in the mornings to work at my father's lathe, and I sat up late at night to do the brass castings in my bedroom. Some of this, however, I did during the daytime, when not attending the University classes. The way in which I converted my bedroom into a brassfoundry was as follows: I took up the carpet so that there might be nothing but the bare boards to be injured by the heat. My furnace in the grate was made of four plates of stout sheet iron, lined with fire-brick, corner to corner. To get the requisite sharp draught I bricked up with single bricks the front of the fireplace, leaving a hole at the back of the furnace for the short pipe just to fit into. The

fuel was generally gas coke and cinders saved from the kitchen. The heat I raised was superb—a white heat, sufficient to melt in a crucible six or eight pounds of brass.

Then I had a box of moulding sand, where the moulds were gently rammed in around the pattern previous to the casting. But how did I get the brass? All the old brassworks in my father's workshop drawers and boxes were laid under contribution. This brass being for the most part soft and yellow, I made it extra hard by the addition of a due proportion of tin. It was then capable of taking a pure finished edge. When I had exhausted the stock of old brass, I had to buy old copper or new in the form of ingot or tile copper, and when melted I added to it one-seventh of its weight of pure tin, which yielded the strongest alloy of the two metals. When cast into any required form this was a treat to work, so sound and close was the grain, and so durable in resisting wear and tear. This is the true bronze or gun metal.

When melted, the liquid brass was let into the openings, until the whole of the moulds were filled. After the metal cooled it was taken out; and when the room was sorted up no one could have known that my foundry operations had been carried on in my bedroom. My brassfoundry was right over my father's bedroom. He had forbidden me to work late at night, as I did occasionally on the sly. Sometimes when I ought to have been asleep I was detected by the sound of the ramming in of the sand of the moulding boxes. On such occasions my father let me know that I was disobeying his orders by rapping on the ceiling of his bedroom with a slight wooden rod of ten feet he kept for measuring purposes. But I got over that difficulty by placing a bit of old carpet under my moulding boxes as a non-conductor of sound, so that no ramming could afterwards be heard. My dear mother also was afraid that I should damage my health by working so continuously. She would come into the workroom late in the evening, when I was working at the lathe or the vice, and say, "Ye'll kill yerself, laddie, by working so hard and so late." Yet she took a great pride in seeing me so busy and so happy (p. 115).

But for some of his work he needed larger machinery, and for this he was again indebted, partly to his happy faculty of making friends, and partly to the generous disposition which is characteristic of the whole society amidst which we move in these pages. A neighbor, named George Douglass, had raised himself by intelligence and energy from the position of a "jobbing-smith" to found a considerable trade in steam-engines; and whenever young Mr. Nasmyth had any considerable bit of steel or iron forging to be done, a forge-fire and anvil were always at his service at George Douglass's foundry.

Wishing to make a return for this act of kindness, he resolved to construct for his friend an improved steam-engine. He constructed one which proved so efficient, that it not merely set all the lathes and mechanical tools in brisk activity, but supplied a new energy to the workmen themselves. George Douglass told him that "the busy hum of the wheels and the active, smooth, rhythmic sound of the merry little engine had, through some sympathetic agency, so quickened the strokes of every hammer, chisel, and file in his workmen's hands, that it nearly doubled the output of work for the same wages." In connection with this incident, he narrates the following curious story, which was told him by his father:—

The sympathy of activity acting upon the workmen's hands cannot be better illustrated than by a story told me by my father. A master tailor in a country town employed a number of workmen. They had been to see some tragic melodrama performed by some players in a booth at the fair. While there, a very slow, doleful, but catching air was played, which so laid hold of the tailors' fancy, that for some time after they were found slowly whistling or humming the doleful ditty, the movement of their needles keeping time to it; the result was that the clothing that should have been sent home on Saturday was not finished until the Wednesday following. The music had done it! The master tailor, being something of a philosopher, sent his men to the play again; but he arranged that they should be treated with lively merry airs. The result was that the lively airs displaced the doleful ditty; and the tailors' needles again reverted to their accustomed quickness.

However true the story may be, it touches an important principle in regard to the stimulation of activity by the rapid movements or sounds of machinery, which influence every workman within their sight or hearing. We all know the influence of a quick merry air, played by fife and drum, upon the step and marching of a regiment of soldiers. It is the same with the quick movements of a steam-engine upon the activity of workmen (p. 118).

It is pleasant to read that the steam-engine thus presented out of gratitude to George Douglass enabled him materially to extend his business, so that in course of time he was able to retire with a considerable fortune. Mr. Nasmyth quietly and steadily pursued his own career, and in 1827, when he was only nineteen, actually succeeded in constructing a road steam-carriage for the Scottish Society of Arts. Many successful trials were made of it, the runs being generally of four or five miles, with a load of eight passengers sitting on benches about three feet from

the ground. The experiments were continued for nearly three months, and gave great satisfaction; but the experiment was regarded as possessing merely scientific interest, without any commercial value. The Society of Arts gave the carriage back to Mr. Nasmyth, and he broke it up, and sold the two engines for 67*l*.

But he had now apparently got to the end of the resources and the instruction he could command in Edinburgh. He was wont to visit the various establishments in that city in which engines were at work, making friends with the tenters, and inquiring into the relative merits of the engines of different makers. He found that the best engines were reputed to owe their excellence to the employment of the machine-tools which had been introduced by Maudslay, the London engineer. He was led to believe that Maudslay's Works were the very centre and climax of all that was excellent in mechanical workmanship, and in course of time his desire to see these celebrated works developed into a passion. The manner in which this passion was gratified is one of the most striking parts of the autobiography, and would of itself go far to explain Mr. Nasmyth's ultimate success.

His father had an introduction to Maudslay, and they reached London by a Leith smack, "after a pleasant four-days' voyage," in the latter part of May, 1829. It was to him "a most glorious and exciting scene" to see the banks of the Thames, "with the Kent orchards in full blossom, and the frequent passages of steamers with bands of music, and their decks crowded with pleasure-seekers, together with the sight of numbers of noble merchant-ships in the river;" and he was equally struck by the trees and shrubs in the squares, and "the loveliness of Regent's Park." But he and his father lost no time in finding their way to Mr. Maudslay, to whom they had an introduction. The first reply of the great engineer was discouraging. His experience, he said, of pupil apprentices had been so unsatisfactory, that he and his partner had determined to discontinue receiving them, no matter at what premium. But he invited the father and son to go round his works, and the wonderful machinery made Mr. Nasmyth "more tremblingly anxious than ever to obtain some employment *there*, in however humble a capacity." As they passed the steam-engine which gave motion to the tools and machinery, the man in attendance on it was engaged in

cleaning out the ashes from under the boiler furnace, and on the spur of the moment Mr. Nasmyth exclaimed to Mr. Maudslay, "If you would only permit me to do such a job as that in your service, I should consider myself most fortunate." I shall never forget, says Mr. Nasmyth, "the keen but kindly look that he gave me. 'So,' said he, 'you are one of that sort, are you?' I was inwardly delighted at his words." In order to satisfy Mr. Maudslay that he was a regular working engineer, he had made with special care a most complete working model of a high-pressure engine. Every part of it, including the patterns, the castings, the forgings, were the result of his own individual handiwork; and he says he turned out this sample of his ability as an engineer workman in such a manner as he would even now be proud to own. With the same purpose he executed several specimens of his ability as a mechanical draughtsman, with some samples of his skill in hand-sketching of machines, and parts of machines, in perspective. He knew this to be a somewhat rare and much-valued acquirement, and one that Mr. Maudslay could not fail to appreciate. When they had gone the round of the works, he asked leave to show these models and drawings, and was allowed to do so the following morning. After twenty minutes' inspection of these examples of handiwork, Mr. Maudslay at once introduced the young engineer into his private workshop. "This," he said, "is where I wish you to work, beside me, as my assistant workman. From what I have seen, there is no need of an apprenticeship in your case."

This workshop was the inner shrine of Maudslay's establishment. It was an historical museum of mechanism, exhibiting the successive steps of the master in his career of invention. He is described by Mr. Nasmyth as equally remarkable for his kindly nature, his shrewd wisdom, and his extraordinary mechanical skill. His character is well summed up in the following passage:—

It was one of his favorite maxims, "First, get a clear notion of what you desire to accomplish, and then in all probability you will succeed in doing it." Another was, "Keep a sharp look-out upon your materials; get rid of every pound of material you can do without; put to yourself the question, 'What business has it to be there?' avoid complexities, and make everything as simple as possible." Mr. Maudslay was full of quaint maxims and remarks, the result of much shrewdness, keen

observation, and great experience. They were well worthy of being stored up in the mind, like a set of proverbs, full of the life and experience of men. His thoughts became compressed into pithy expressions exhibiting his force of character and intellect. His quaint remarks on my first visit to his workshop, and on subsequent occasions, proved to be invaluable guides to "right thinking" in regard to all matters connected with mechanical structure (p. 130).

He took young Nasmyth at once into his confidence, and treated him not as an apprentice, but as a friend. He advised him to take a week to make some acquaintance with London, and to see some of his father's friends. The first of these friends whom they met was Henry Brougham; and it is gratifying to read how cordially Brougham welcomed and assisted the son of his friend in former days in Scotland. He offered him introductions to men of science in London, and lost no time in giving him a letter to Faraday, at the Royal Institution. Mr. Nasmyth's father was also welcomed by several of the leading artists in London, including Wilkie, Stanfield, and David Roberts; and the young man had thus the privilege of admission to a number of congenial and happy homes.

Mr. Nasmyth had practically won the battle of his engineering career when he had obtained this appointment. But there was abundance of hard work before him, and the modest view he took of his position was a striking proof of his worthiness to occupy it. He was already, as will have been seen, a mechanical engineer of considerable skill, capable of constructing steam-engines which commanded a fair price. But when at the end of his first week's work Mr. Maudslay desired him to go to the chief cashier to arrange for receiving whatever amount of weekly payment he might consider satisfactory, he had no notion of asking any but the most humble wages. "Knowing," he says, "as I did, the great advantages of my situation, and having a very modest notion of my own worthiness to occupy it, I said, in answer to Mr. Young's question as to the amount of wages I desired, that 'if he did not think ten shillings a week too much, I could do well enough with that.' 'Very well,' said he, 'let it be so.' And he handed me over half a sovereign." But on this half-sovereign a week Mr. Nasmyth meant to live, as he had determined that, after obtaining a situation, he would not cost his father another shilling. He had saved

20 $\frac{1}{2}$., and he sold for 35 $\frac{1}{2}$. the model steam-engine he had made to show Mr. Maudslay. This little fund he put into the bank as a deposit account, and relied on it to meet any expenses beyond those of the current week. But he was resolved that his wages alone should maintain him in food and lodging, and he soon found that a moderate dinner at an eating-house would cost more than he could afford to spend. So, in order to keep within his weekly income, he bought the raw materials and cooked them in his own way and to his own taste. This is another instance of the "resourcefulness" which he inherited, and affords an example which might be widely imitated. He says:—

I set to and made a drawing of a very simple, compact, and handy cooking apparatus. I took the drawing to a tinsmith near at hand, and in two days I had it in full operation. The apparatus cost ten shillings, including the lamp. As it contributed in no small degree to enable me to carry out my resolution, and as it may serve as a lesson to others who have an earnest desire to live economically, I think it may be useful to give a drawing and a description of my cooking stove.

The cooking or meat pan rested on the upper rim of the external cylindrical case, and was easily removable in order to be placed handy for service. The requisite heat was supplied by an oil lamp with three small single wicks, though I found that one wick was enough. I put the meat in the pot, with the other comestibles, at nine o'clock in the morning. It simmered away all day, until half past six in the evening, when I came home with a healthy appetite to enjoy my dinner. I well remember the first day that I set the apparatus to work. I ran to my lodging, at about four P.M., to see how it was going on. When I lifted the cover it was simmering beautifully, and such a savory gusto came forth that I was almost tempted to fall to and discuss the contents. But the time had not yet come, and I ran back to my work.

The meat I generally cooked in it was leg of beef, with sliced potato, bits of onion chopped down, and a modicum of white pepper and salt, with just enough of water to cover "the elements." When stewed slowly the meat became very tender, and the whole yielded a capital dish, such as a very Soyer might envy.* It was partaken of with a zest that, no doubt, was a very important element in its savoriness. The whole cost of this capital dinner was about 4 1-2 $\frac{1}{2}$. I sometimes varied the meat with rice boiled with a few raisins and a pennyworth of milk. My breakfast and tea, with

bread, cost me about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$. each. My lodgings cost 3s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$. a week. A little multiplication will satisfy any one how it was that I contrived to live economically and comfortably on my ten shillings a week. In the following year my wages were raised to fifteen shillings a week, and then I began to take butter to my bread (p. 143).

A man who, in spite of his acquisitions, his introductions, and the comfortable home in which he had been brought up, could thus begin at the very beginning, and support himself on ten shillings a week by the aid of his own contrivances, could not fail of success. He gradually acquired more and more of Mr. Maudslay's confidence, and his master's death, in 1831, was a great grief to him. After spending a few months in the service of Mr. Maudslay's partner and successor, he thought the time had come for him to begin business on his own account. He parted with mutual good-will from his employer, who allowed him to take castings of one of the best turning-lathes in the establishment. With these he started for Edinburgh, rented a small piece of land near his father's house, and erected a temporary workshop, twenty-four feet long by sixteen feet wide. Here he supported himself by some odd jobs, while he was mainly engaged in constructing a stock of machine-tools for the purpose of his business. When they were completed, he resolved to commence his work in Liverpool or Manchester. He had seen striking evidences of the natural aptitude of Lancashire workmen for every kind of mechanical employment. Comparing them with the workmen he had seen in London, he found "they were men of greater character; they struck harder on the anvil; their minds were more capacious; their ingenuity was more inventive." He felt sure that either in Liverpool or Manchester he could settle down with his limited capital and tools, and in course of time contrive to get on, "helped by energy, self-reliance, and determination." He had several introductions to leading men in Liverpool and Manchester; and once more we are struck with the generous spirit he encountered. One example must suffice. He was introduced to the Messrs. Grant, the famous "Brothers Cheeryble" of Dickens. The head of this firm asked him to dinner, and inquired about his plans; and the conversation must be told by Mr. Nasmyth himself:—

I told him, as briefly as I could, that I intended to begin the business of a mechanical

* "I have," he says, "this handy apparatus by me still; and to prove its possession of its full original efficiency I recently set it in action after its rest of fifty years, and found that it yielded results quite equal to my grateful remembrance of its past services."

engineer on a very moderate scale, and that I had been looking out for premises wherein to commence operations. He seemed interested, and asked more questions. I related to him my little history, and told him of my desires, hopes, and aspirations. "What was my age?" "Twenty-six." "That is a very young age at which to begin business on your own account." "Yes; but I have plenty of work in me, and I am very economical." Then he pressed his questions home. "But what is your capital?" I told him that my capital in cash was 63*l*. "What!" he said, "that will do very little for you when Saturday nights come round." "That's true," I answered; "but as there will be only myself and Archy Torry to provide for, I think I can manage to get along very well until profitable work comes in."

He whispered to me to "keep my heart up!" With such views, he said, I was sure to do well. And if, he added, on any Saturday night I wanted money to pay wages or other expenses, I would find a credit for 500*l*. at three per cent. at his office in Cannon Street, "*and no security*." These were his very words. What could have been more generous? I could only whisper my earnest thanks for his warm-hearted kindness. He gave me a kindly squeeze of the hand in return, which set me in a glow of gladness. He also gave me a sort of wink that I shall never forget—a most knowing wink. In looking at me he seemed to turn his eye round and brought his eyebrows down upon it in a sudden and extraordinary manner. I thought it was a mere confirmation of his kind advice to "keep my heart up!" It was not until two years after that I found, from a mutual friend, that the eye in question was *made of glass*! Sometimes the glass eye got slightly out of its place, and Mr. Grant had to force it in again by this odd contortion of his eyebrows, which I translated into all manner of kind intentions (p. 186).

But this is no exceptional instance of the generosity he experienced. He says that, though he has heard a great deal of the ingratitude and selfishness of the world, "it may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of those unfeeling conditions. On the whole, I have found a great deal of unselfish kindness among my fellow-beings. They have often turned out of their way to do me a service; and I can never be too grateful for the unwearied kindness, civility, and generosity of the friends I encountered during my stay in Lancashire." Something, no doubt, was due to Mr. Nasmyth's own capacity for evoking such generosity. A man who is suspicious, discontented, and wanting in self-reliance, awakes suspicion and distrust in others. But modesty, self-reliance, and a generous disposition, never fail to awaken confidence in return; and if a

young man finds the world unkind to him, he may generally be sure it is his own fault. Most of all is this true in a society like that of the Lancashire manufacturers of that day. They had made their own way in the world, and felt a kindly sympathy for any young man who was following their example. The brothers Grant, for instance, were the sons of a herdsman or cattle-dealer, whose occupation consisted in driving cattle from the far north of Scotland to the pastures of Cheshire and Lancashire. "The father was generally accompanied by his three sons, who marched barefoot, as was the custom of north-country lads in those days. Being shrewd fellows, they viewed with interest the thriving looks and well-fed condition of the Lancashire folks." They were attracted by the beauty of the scenery near the works of Sir Robert Peel at Nuttal, and they resolved to seek for employment in the neighborhood. To decide their course, they put up a stick, and agreed to follow in the direction in which it should fall. It fell in the direction of Ramsbottom, then a little village on the river Irwell, and here they found employment. They soon saved money, and they invested it in a little print-work, and gradually extended their business till they became great capitalists and manufacturers. In course of time, on Sir Robert Peel's retirement from business, the Grants were able to purchase the whole of his works in the neighborhood; and thus the barefoot lads, by no other means than their own industry, economy, and shrewdness, became possessors of the very property which had at first excited their imagination. They never forgot the working class from which they had sprung, and spared no expense in providing for the moral, intellectual, and physical interests of their workpeople.

As one reads narrative after narrative of this kind, one is struck more and more with the admirable character of the old Scotch training which produced men of this stamp. There was doubtless a splendid natural stock to work upon; but long generations of moral education must have been needed to produce such extraordinary steadiness of character. A good deal, both in Scotland and in the northern counties of England, must be ascribed to the centuries of warfare in which the people had been trained. War alone, indeed, as Ireland proves too surely, will not suffice to develop such fine qualities if the basis for them does not subsist. But if men have the inherent capacity for endur-

ance, faithfulness, enterprise, and prudence, there is no such school as war for developing these characteristics. The late Professor Brewer has some excellent remarks on this point in his invaluable "Elementary Atlas of History and Geography." He observes (p. 123) that

the space north of the Humber and the Dee on the Scottish border was little better than debatable land after the Norman Conquest, subject to the incursions of the Normans on the one side and of the Scotch on the other. It was the misfortune of this part of the nation to be subjected at three successive eras to all the calamities which so exposed a position is sure to inflict. But these calamities were not without advantage. They issued in the production of a people singularly acute, energetic, and enterprising; and the men of Yorkshire and Lancashire, who have since led the way to conquests of a vast, enduring, but more peaceful and important kind, were trained to these triumphs over nature by a life of unceasing warfare in mediæval times. It is strange that that part of this island should be most occupied by men dealing with the hard realities of life, every inch of which is hallowed by some romantic association, every castle and every abbey of which calls up more vividly than elsewhere the religious and chivalrous feelings of the Middle Ages.

One very interesting circumstance is mentioned by Mr. Nasmyth, which connects the Lancashire of the present even more directly with the Lancashire of the past. The mechanical excellence of the workmen of Manchester can be traced back to the Norman smiths and armorers, introduced into the neighborhood at the Norman Conquest by Hugo de Lupus, the chief armorer of William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings. He settled at Hatton Castle in North Cheshire soon after the Conquest, and his workmen resided in Warrington and the adjacent villages of Appleton, Widnes, Prescott, and Cuerdley. They produced coats of steel, mail armor, and steel and iron weapons, under Hugo's superintendence. The manufacture thus founded continued for many centuries, and when the use of armor was discontinued, the same skill was devoted to the production of files and other steel tools. Most of the workmen's peculiar names for tools and implements are said to be traceable to old Norman-French words. At Prescott, moreover, a peculiar class of workmen has long been established, who are celebrated for their great skill in clock and watch making; and there seems reason to believe that they are the direct descendants of a swarm of workmen from Hugo de Lupus's

original Norman band of refined metal-workers. Mr. Nasmyth himself exhibits characteristic sympathy with the Norman character, and a great love for the expression of it in Norman architecture. He says that no style of architecture he has ever seen has so impressed him with its intrinsic gravity and solemnity as that of the Normans. He speaks of "the serious earnestness in its grave simplicity." There is to him "an impressiveness in the simple massive dignity of the Norman castles and cathedrals, which no other buildings possess. There is an expression of terrible earnestness about them." It is this quality, no doubt, which is at the root of the admirable workmanship which the descendants of the Norman settlers have inherited; and it is not to be forgotten that Mr. Nasmyth himself, if not descended from this school of workmen, belongs to the border race whose training Mr. Brewer describes.

From the time when Mr. Nasmyth hired a flat in Manchester, the progress of his business was equally steady and rapid. At last, having undertaken to construct an engine too large for his workshop, the beam, by misfortune, crashed through the floor into the flat underneath, to the natural dismay of a glass-cutter by whom it was occupied, and it became necessary for him to settle elsewhere. He had long had his eye on a very eligible plot of land near Patricroft, bounded on the one side by the Bridgewater Canal, edged by a neat stone margin ten hundred and fifty feet long, on another side by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, while on a third side it was bounded by a good road, accessible from all sides. He obtained a lease of it for nine hundred and ninety-nine years at a moderate rent, and at once commenced the erection of the Bridgewater Foundry—so called "as an appropriate and humble tribute to the memory of the first great canal-maker in Britain, the noble Duke of Bridgewater."

It would occupy another article if we were to attempt to follow Mr. Nasmyth's successive steps in mechanical invention, and in the development of this famous establishment. He proved equal to any requirement that might arise in the necessities of modern engineering; he could always invent a new tool for a new occasion; and an interesting chronological list of these numerous contrivances is given at the end of the autobiography. It will be enough, as an illustration of the rest, to mention the way in which the steam-hammer and the steam pile-driver,

his two most famous inventions, arose. When the "Great Britain" steamship was projected in 1839, it was at first intended that she should be driven by paddles, and for this purpose a paddle-shaft was required of a size and diameter such as had never yet been forged. But it proved that there was not a forge-hammer in England or Scotland powerful enough for the purpose. The engineer applied to Mr. Nasmyth, and the result must be described by himself:—

This letter immediately set me a-thinking. How was it that the existing hammers were incapable of forging a wrought-iron shaft of thirty inches diameter? Simply because of their want of compass, of range and fall, as well as of their want of power of blow. A few moments' rapid thought satisfied me that it was by our rigidly adhering to the old traditional form of a smith's hand hammer—of which the forge and tilt hammer, although driven by water or steam power, were mere enlarged modifications—that the difficulty had arisen; as, whenever the largest forge hammer was tilted up to its full height, its range was so small that when a piece of work of considerable size was placed on the anvil the hammer became "gagged;" so that, when the forging required the most powerful blow, it received next to no blow at all, as the clear space for the fall of the hammer was almost entirely occupied by the work on the anvil.

The obvious remedy was to contrive some method by which a ponderous block of iron should be lifted to a sufficient height above the object on which it was desired to strike a blow, and then to let the block fall down upon the forging, guiding it in its descent by such simple means as should give the required precision in the percussive action of the falling mass. Following out this idea, I got out my "scheme-book," on the pages of which I generally *thought out*, with the aid of pen and pencil, such mechanical adaptations as I had conceived in my mind, and was thereby enabled to render them visible. I then rapidly sketched out my steam-hammer, having it all clearly before me in my mind's eye. In little more than half an hour after receiving Mr. Humphries's letter narrating his unlooked-for difficulty, I had the whole contrivance, in all its executant details, before me in a page of my scheme-book, a reduced photographed copy of which I append to this description. The date of this first drawing was the 24th November, 1839.

My steam-hammer, as thus first sketched, consisted of, first, a massive anvil on which to rest the work; second, a block of iron constituting the hammer or blow-giving portion; and, third, an inverted steam cylinder to whose piston-rod the hammer-block was attached. All that was then required to produce a most effective hammer was simply to admit steam

of sufficient pressure into the cylinder, so as to act on the under side of the piston, and thus to raise the hammer-block attached to the end of the piston-rod. By a very simple arrangement of a slide valve, under the control of an attendant, the steam was allowed to escape, and thus permit the massive block of iron rapidly to descend by its own gravity upon the work then upon the anvil.

Thus, by the more or less rapid manner in which the attendant allowed the steam to enter or escape from the cylinder, any required number or any intensity of blows could be delivered. Their succession might be modified in an instant. The hammer might be arrested and suspended according to the requirements of the work. The workman might thus, as it were, *think in blows*. He might deal them out on to the ponderous glowing mass, and mould or knead it into the desired form as if it were a lump of clay; or pat it with gentle taps according to his will, or at the desire of the forgerman.

Rude and rapidly sketched out as it was, this, my first delineation of the steam-hammer, will be found to comprise all the essential elements of the invention. Every detail of the drawing retains to this day the form and arrangement which I gave to it forty-three years ago. I believed that the steam-hammer would prove practically successful; and I looked forward to its general employment in the forging of heavy masses of iron. It is no small gratification to me now, when I look over my rude and hasty first sketch, to find that I hit the mark so exactly, not only in the general structure but in the details; and that the invention, as I then conceived it and put it into shape, still retains its form and arrangements intact in the thousands of steam-hammers that are now doing good service in the mechanical arts throughout the civilized world (p. 239).

Such was the simple and apparently facile origin of one of the most momentous of mechanical inventions. Easy as its invention seems after the event, it was the result of the long and thorough mechanical training which Mr. Nasmyth had undergone. We may apply to the case the saying of the French painter when told that he asked a high price for a drawing which he had made in five minutes. "But it has taken me twenty-five years to learn to do it in five minutes." It had taken Mr. Nasmyth some twenty years of patient work to learn how to invent his steam-hammer in half an hour. Perhaps a still more remarkable application of his skill was his application of this principle to the purpose of driving piles. This, too, arose in answer to an exceptional requirement. The Davenport Docks were to be extended, and an immense portion of the shore of the Hamoaze had to be walled in so as to exclude

the tide. To effect this, a vast amount of pile-driving was necessary, and the contractors inquired of Mr. Nasmyth whether he could apply the principle of his steam-hammer for the purpose. In fact, he had already secured a patent for it. Two instruments were at once constructed, and, amidst great curiosity on the part of the workmen in the dockyard, were set to work. The plan was to fix a movable steam-hammer, with four-ton hammer-blocks, on the top of the pile which was to be driven. The shoulder of the pile acts as the sole supporter of the hammer-block and cylinder. This heavy weight of itself tends to drive the pile down, while the "momentum given by the repeated fall of the hammer, at eighty blows the minute, brings the constant dead-weight into full action." The account of the first trial of this remarkable invention is very graphic and interesting:—

There was a great deal of curiosity in the dockyard as to the action of the new machine. The pile-driving machine men gave me a good-natured challenge to vie with them in driving down a pile. They adopted the old method, while I adopted the new one. The resident managers sought out two great pile logs of equal size and length—70 feet long and 18 inches square. At a given signal we started together. I let in the steam, and the hammer at once began to work. The four-ton block showered down blows at the rate of eighty a minute; and in the course of *four and a half minutes* my pile was driven down to its required depth. The men working at the ordinary machine had only begun to drive. It took them upwards of *twelve hours* to complete the driving of their pile.

Such a saving of time in the performance of similar work—by steam *versus* manual labor—had never before been achieved. The energetic action of my steam-hammer, sitting on the shoulders of the pile high up aloft, and following it suddenly down, the rapidly hammered blows keeping time with the flashing out of the waste steam at the end of each stroke, was indeed a remarkable sight. When my pile was driven, the hammer-block and guide-case were speedily re-hoisted by the small engine that did all the laboring and locomotive work of the machine; the steam-hammer portion of which was then lowered on to the shoulders of the next pile in succession. Again it set to work. At this the spectators, crowding about in boats, pronounced their approval in the usual British style of "three cheers!" My new pile-driver was thus acknowledged as another triumphant result of the power of steam (p. 275).

Mr. Nasmyth regards his pile-driver as a happy illustration of his "definition of

engineering," which is "the application of common sense to the use of materials." But with reference to his general success as a mechanical engineer, we must take leave to supplement this definition. His achievements were not less due to the application of common sense and good feeling to the use of men. We have already seen how much of Mr. Nasmyth's early success was due to the good relations which he always succeeded in establishing with the chief persons with whom he was brought into contact. But it is evident that he was equally happy in his relations with his own work-people. He devotes several interesting pages in this volume to an account of the principal workmen whom he employed as the heads of the various departments in his foundry, and he evinces as much kindly feeling as acute judgment of character in his delineation of their capacities and their services. It is particularly to be noticed that he was a staunch opponent of the system which the Trade Unions endeavored to establish; and by virtue of his intimate relations with Scotland, he succeeded in completely defeating the Unionists. At their instance, a considerable number of men in his employment "struck," at a moment when the foundry had an unusually large access of orders for machinery, and he was placed in very serious difficulties. But he sent to Scotland, inviting mechanics to apply for employment in his works, and soon had more applicants than he could satisfy. He had no reason to regret the change. The new men were energetic, zealous, and skilful, and he was thenceforth enabled to carry out his principle of "free trade in ability." He believes that this principle is of more importance to the prosperity of the country than even free trade in materials, and it certainly comes under the principle of the application of common sense to the use of men. When the Union delegates called on him to insist that none but men who had served seven years' apprenticeship should be employed in his works, he replied that he preferred employing a man who had acquired the requisite mechanical skill in two years, rather than another who was so stupid as to require seven years' teaching. The delegates, he says, regarded this statement as preposterous and heretical. "In fact, it was utter high treason." But it was certainly common sense, and in the long run Mr. Nasmyth carried his point. But he would hardly have done so without observing another principle, the neglect of which,

we fear, has been too frequently the cause of the troubles which employers have experienced. He took care to treat his men liberally and kindly, and thus to make it their interest to stand by the firm which employed them. This principle and its results are best explained in the following passage:—

Another important point was this,—that I always took care to make my foremen comfortable, and consequently loyal. A great part of a man's success in business consists in his knowledge of character. It is not so much what he himself does, as what he knows his heads of departments can do. He must know them intimately, take cognizance of the leading points of their character, pick and choose from them, and set them to the work which they can most satisfactorily superintend. Edward Tootal, of Manchester, said to me long before, "Never give your men cause to look over the hedge." He meant that I should never give them any reason for looking for work elsewhere. It was a wise saying, and I long remembered it. I always endeavored to make my men and foremen as satisfied as possible with their work, as well as with their remuneration.

I never had any cause to regret that I had struck out an independent course in managing the Bridgwater Foundry. The works were always busy. A cheerful sort of contentment and activity pervaded the entire establishment. Our order-book continued to be filled with the most satisfactory class of entries. The railway trucks in the yard, and the canal barges at the wharf, presented a busy scene,—showing the influx of raw material and the output of finished work. This happy state of affairs went on in its regular course without any special incident worthy of being mentioned. The full and steady influx of prosperity, that had been the result of many years of interesting toil and cheerful exertion, had caused the place to assume the aspect of a smoothly working, self-acting machine (p. 311).

We must reluctantly refrain from following Mr. Nasmyth through his account of the prosperous part of his career, and of the happy retirement which rewarded it at the age of forty-eight. In the pursuit of his business he had occasion to visit several foreign countries, and his account of his travels in France, Russia, Sweden, and elsewhere on the Continent, is full of interest. We are sorry to say the reception his inventions received from our own government offers a discreditable contrast to the welcome offered to them abroad. "It is," as he says, "a singular fact" that he supplied steam-hammers to

the Russian government twelve months before our Admiralty availed themselves of its energetic action. "Athelstane the Unready," as he adds, "has always been found dreadfully slow, in peace as well as in war."

When Mr. Nasmyth retired, in 1856, he devoted a great part of his attention to what had long been the favorite amusement of his leisure hours—the study of astronomy. He constructed powerful reflecting telescopes, every part of which was his own handiwork, and introduced some most ingenious and valuable improvements in their mechanism. One result was the profoundly interesting work on the moon, which is mentioned at the head of this article. His capacity as "a noticin' bairn" came eminently into play in this occupation, and by the aid of his favorite faculty of common sense he illustrated the volcanic character of the moon's structure with extraordinary vividness. By the aid of models of his observations, and photographs from these models, he enables the reader to realize in imagination the very landscapes which are visible on the moon's surface, and to trace the geological history of the satellite. He is similarly famous for his discovery of the willow-leaf objects of which the sun's surface is composed, and for various astronomical suggestions, which are beautifully luminous. But we should not know where to stop if we were to attempt to notice all that is instructive and interesting in this volume. We have dealt with but one side of it—its human and social interest. But it will be found equally interesting to students of human nature, to engineers, to astronomers, and even to archæologists, for in an appendix there are some most ingenious suggestions respecting the origin of the pyramids and of cuneiform writing. Among other merits, there are few books which could be put with more advantage into a young man's hands, as affording an example of the qualities which conduce to legitimate success in work. Mr. Nasmyth has done his generation a great service in publishing this modest but most instructive autobiography. It must always be one of the most interesting records in the history of mechanical engineering; and it is not less valuable as a picture of some of the soundest and pleasantest human nature with which we have ever become acquainted.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XIV.

Two days after this night scene there was a gathering such as was of weekly occurrence in the Manse of Loch Houran parish. The houses were far apart, and those of the gentry who were old-fashioned enough to remain for the second service, were in the habit of spending the short interval between in the minister's house, where an abundant meal, called by his housekeeper a cold collation, was spread in the dining-room for whosoever chose to partake. As it was the fashion in the country to dine early on Sunday, this repast was but sparingly partaken of, and most of the company, after the glass of wine or milk, the sandwich or biscuit, which was all they cared to take, would sit round the fire in the minister's library, or examine his books, or, what was still more prized, talk to him of their own or their neighbor's affairs. The minister of Loch Houran was one of those celibates who are always powerful ecclesiastically, though the modern mind is so strongly opposed to any artificial manufacture of them such as that which the Church of Rome in her wisdom has thought expedient. We all know the arguments in favor of a married clergy, but those on the other side of the question it is the fashion to ignore. He who has kept this natural distinction by fair means, and without compulsion, has however an unforced advantage of his own which the most Protestant and the most matrimonial of polemics will scarcely deny. He is more safe to confide in, being one, not two. He is more detached and individual; it is more natural that all the world about him should have a closer claim upon the man who has no nearer claims to rival those of his spiritual children. Mr. Cameron was one of this natural priesthood. If he had come to his present calm by reason of passion and disappointment in his past, such as we obstinately and romantically hope to have founded the tranquillity of subdued, sunny, and sober age, nobody could tell. An old minister may perhaps be let off more easily in this respect than an old monk; but he was the friend and consoler of everybody; the depository of all the secrets of the parish; the one adviser of whose disinterestedness and secrecy every perplexed individual was sure. He did all that man could do to be absolutely impartial and divide himself, as he divided his provisions, among his guests as their needs required. But flesh

is weak, and Mr. Cameron could not disown one soft place in his heart for Oona Forrester, of which that young person was quite aware. Oona was his pupil and his favorite, and he was, if not her spiritual director, which is a position officially unknown to his Church, at least her confidant in all her little difficulties, which comes to much the same thing; and this notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Forrester attended the parish church under protest, and prided herself on belonging to the Scottish Episcopal community, the Church of the gentry, though debarred by Providence from her privileges. Mrs. Forrester at this moment, with her feet on the fender, was employed in bewailing this sad circumstance with another landed lady in the same position; but Oona was standing by the old minister's side, with her hand laid lightly within his arm, which was a pretty way she had when she was with her oldest friend. It did not interfere with this attitude, that he was exchanging various remarks with other people, and scarcely talking to Oona at all. He looked down upon her from time to time with a sort of proud tenderness, as her grandfather might have done. It pleased the old man to feel the girl's slim small fingers upon his arm. And as there were no secrets discussed in this weekly assembly her presence interrupted nothing. She added her word from time to time, or the still readier comment of smiles and varying looks that changed like the Highland sky outside, and were never for two minutes the same. It was not, however, till Mr. Shaw, the factor, came in, that the easy superficial interest of all the parish talk quickened into something more eager and warm in her sympathetic countenance. Shaw's ruddy face was full of care; this was indeed its usual expression, an expression all the more marked from the blunt and open simplicity of its natural mood to which care seemed alien. The puckers about his hazel grey eyes, the lines on his forehead which exposure to the air had reddened rather than browned, were more than usually evident. Those honest eyes seemed to be remonstrating with the world and fate. They had an appearance half-comic to the spectator, but by no means comic to their own consciousness of grieved interrogation as if asking every one on whom they turned, "Why did you do it?" "Why did you let it be done?" It was this look which he fixed upon the minister, who indeed was most innocent of all share in the cause of his trouble.

"I told you," he said, "the other day, about the good intentions of our young lord. I left various things with him to be settled that would bide no delay — things that had been waiting for the late Lord Erradeen from day to day. And all this putting off has been bad, bad. There's those poor crofters that will have to be put out of their bits of places to-morrow. I can hold off no longer without his lordship's warrant. And not a word from him — not a word!" cried the good man, with that appealing look, to which the natural reply was, "It is not my fault." But the minister knew better, and returned a look of sympathy, shaking his white head.

"What has become of the young man? they tell me he has left the castle."

"He is not far off — he is at Auchna-sheen; but he is just like all the rest, full of good-will one day, and just inaccessible the next — just inaccessible!" repeated the factor. "And what am I to do? I am just wild to have advice from somebody. What am I to do?"

"Can you not get at him to speak to him?" the minister asked.

"I have written to know if he will see me. I have said I was waiting an answer, but there's no answer comes. They say he's on the hill all the day, though the keepers know nothing about his movements, and he does not even carry a gun. What am I to do? He sees nobody; two or three have called, but cannot get at him. He's always out — he's never there. That old Symington goes about wringing his hands. What says he? he says, 'This is the worst of a'; this is the worst of a'. He's just got it on him —'"

"What does that mean?"

"Can I tell what that means? According to the old wives it is the weird of the Methvens; but you don't believe such rubbish, nor do I. It has, maybe, something to do with the drainage, or the water, or the sanitary arrangements, one way or the other!" cried the factor with a harsh and angry laugh.

Then there was a momentary pause, and the hum of the other people's talk came in, filling up with easier tones of conversation the somewhat strained feeling of this: "He's a good shot and a fine oar, and just a deevil for spunk and courage; and yet because he's a little vague in his speaking!" "But, I say, we must put up with what we can get, and though it's a trial the surplice is not just salvation." "And it turned out to be measles, and not fever at all, and nothing to speak

of: so we just cheated the doctors." These were the broken scraps that came in to fill up the pause.

"I saw Lord Erradeen the other night," said Oona, whose light grasp on the old minister's arm had been tightening and slackening all through this dialogue, in the interest she felt. Both of the gentlemen turned to look at her inquiringly, and the girl blushed — not for any reason, as she explained to herself indignantly afterwards, but because it was a foolish way she had; but somehow the idea suggested to all their minds was not without an effect upon the events of her after life.

"And what did he say to you? and what is he intending? and why does he shut himself up and let all the business hang suspended like yon fellow Machomet's coffin?" cried the factor, with a guttural in the prophet's name which was due to the energy of his feelings. He turned upon Oona those remonstrating eyes of his, as if he had at last come to the final cause of all the confusion, and meant to demand of her, without any quibbling, an answer to the question, "Why did you do it?" on the spot.

"Indeed, he said very little to me, Mr. Shaw. He looked like a ghost, and he said — he was going away in a day or two."

Sudden reflection in the midst of what she was saying made it apparent to Oona that it was unnecessary to give all the details of the interview. Mr. Cameron, for his part, laid his large, soft old hand tenderly upon hers which was on his arm, and said, in the voice which always softened when he addressed her, —

"And where would that be, my bonnie Oona, that you met with Lord Erradeen?"

"It was on the beach below Auchna-sheen," said Oona, with an almost indignant frankness, holding her head high, but feeling, to her anger and distress, the blush burn upon her cheek. "Hamish had some errand on shore, and I went with him in the boat. I was waiting for him, when some one came down from the road and spoke to me. I was half frightened, for I did not know any one was there. It was Lord Erradeen."

"And what? — and why? — and —"

The factor was too much disturbed to form his questions reasonably, even putting aside the evident fact that Oona had no answer to give him. But at this moment the little cracked bell began to sound, which was the warning that the hour of afternoon service approached.

The ladies rose from their seats round the fire, the little knots of men broke up. "Oona, my dear, will ye come and tie my bonnet? I never was clever at making a bow," said Mrs. Forrester; and the minister left his guests to make his preparations for church. Mr. Shaw felt himself left in the lurch. He kept hovering about Oona with a quick decision in his own mind, which was totally unjustified by any foundation; he went summarily through a whole romance, and came to its conclusion in the most matter-of-fact and expeditious way. "If that comes to pass now!" he said to himself. "*She's* no Me'ven; there's no weird on her; he can give her the management of the estates, and all will go well. She has a head upon her shoulders, though she is nothing but a bit girlie—and there will be me to make everything plain!" Such was the brief epitome of the situation that passed in the factor's mind. He was very anxious to get speech of Oona on the way to church, and it is to be feared that Mr. Cameron's excellent afternoon discourse (which many people said was always his best, though as it was listened to but drowsily the fact may be doubted) made little impression upon Shaw, though he was a serious man, who could say his say upon religious subjects, and was an elder, and had sat in the Assembly in his day. He had his opportunity when the service was over, when the boats were being pushed off from the beach, and the carriages got under way, for those who had far to go. Mrs. Forrester had a great many last words to say before she put on her furred mantle and her white cloud, and took her place in the boat; and Mysie, who stood ready with the mantle to place it on her mistress's shoulders, had also her own little talks to carry on at that genial moment when all the parish—or all the loch, if you like the expression better—stood about exchanging friendly greetings and news from outlying places. While all the world was thus engaged, Oona fell at last into the hands of the factor, and became his prey.

"Miss Oona," he said, "if ye will accord me a moment, I would like well, well, to know what's your opinion about Lord Erradeen."

"But I have no opinion!" cried Oona, who had been prepared for the attack. She could not keep herself from blushing (so ridiculous! but I will do it, she said to herself, as if that "I" was an independent person over whom she had no control), but otherwise she was on her guard.

"How could I have any opinion when I have only seen Lord Erradeen twice—thrice?" she added with a heightening of the blush, as she remembered the adventure of the coach.

"Twice—thrice; but that gives you facilities—and ladies are so quick-witted. I've seen him but once," said the factor. "I was much taken with him, that is the truth, and was so rash as to think our troubles were over; but here has everything fallen to confusion in the old way. Miss Oona, do you use your influence if you should see his lordship again."

"But, Mr. Shaw, there is no likelihood that I shall see him again—and I have no influence."

"Oh, no, you'll not tell me that," said the factor, shaking his head with a troubled smile. "Them that are like you, young and bonnie, have always influence, if they like to use it. And as for seeing him again, he will never leave the place, Miss Oona, without going at least to bid you good-bye."

"Lord Erradeen may come to take leave of my mother," said Oona with dignity. "It is possible, though he did not say so; but even if he does, what can I do? I know nothing about his affairs, and I have no right to say anything to him—no right, more than any one else who has met him three times."

"Which is just no person—except yourself, so far as I can learn," the factor said.

"After all, when you come to think of it, it is only once I have seen him," said Oona, "for the night on the loch was by chance, and the day on the coach I did not know him; so that after all I have only, so to speak, seen him once, and how could I venture to speak to him about business? Oh, no, that is out of the question. Yes, mamma, I am quite ready. Mr. Shaw wishes, if Lord Erradeen comes to bid us good-bye that we should tell him—"

"Yes?" said Mrs. Forrester briskly, coming forward, while Mysie arranged around her her heavy cloak. "I am sure I shall be very glad to give Lord Erradeen any message. He is a very nice young man, so far as I can judge; people think him very like my Ronald, Mr. Shaw. Perhaps it has not struck you? for likenesses are just one of the things that no two people see. But we are very good friends, him and me: he is just a nice, simple, gentlemanly young man—oh, very gentlemanly. He would never go away without saying good-bye. And I

am sure I shall be delighted to give him any message. That will do, Mysie, that will do; do not suffocate me with that cloak. Dear me, you have scarcely left me a corner to breathe out of. But Mr. Shaw, certainly — any message — ”

“ I am much obliged to you; but I will no doubt see Lord Erradeen myself, and I'll not trouble a lady about business,” said the factor. He cast a look at Oona, in which with more reason than usual his eyes said, How could you do it? And the girl was a little compunctious. She laughed, but she felt guilty, as she took her mother's arm to lead her to the boat. Mrs. Forrester had still a dozen things to say, and waved her hands to the departing groups on every side, while Shaw, half angry, stood grimly watching the embarkation.

“ There are the Kilhouran Campbells driving away, and I have not had a word with them; and there is old Jess, who always expects to be taken notice of; and the Ellermore folk, that I had no time to ask about Tom's examination; and Mr. Cameron himself, that I never got a chance of telling how well I liked the sermon. Dear me, Oona, you are always in such a hurry! And take care now, take care; one would think you took me for your own age. But I am not wanting to be hoisted up either, as if I were too old to know how to step into a boat. Good-bye, Mr. Shaw, good-bye,” Mrs. Forrester added cheerfully, waving her hand as she got herself safely established in the bow, and Hamish, not half so picturesque as usual in his Sunday clothes, pushed off the boat. “ Good-bye, and I'll not forget your message.” She even kissed her hand, if not to him, to the parish in general, in the friendliness of her heart.

Mr. Shaw had very nearly shaken his clenched fist in reply. Old fool he called her in his heart, and even launched an expletive (silently) at Oona, “ the heartless monkey,” who had betrayed him to her mother. He went back to the manse with Mr. Cameron, when all the little talks and consultations were over and everybody gone, and once more poured out the story of his perplexities.

“ If I do not hear from him, I'll have to proceed to extremities to-morrow, and it is like to break my heart,” he said. “ For the poor folk have got into their heads that I will stand their friend whatever happens, and they are just keeping their minds easy.”

“ But, man, they should pay their rents,” said Mr. Cameron, who, when all

was said that could be said in his favor, was not a Loch Houran man.

“ Rents! where would you have them get the siller? Their bit harvest has failed, and the cows are dry for want of fodder. If they have a penny laid by they must take it to live upon. They have enough ado to live, without thinking of rents.”

“ But in that case, Shaw,” said the minister gravely — “ you must not blame me for saying so, it's what all the wise men say — would they not do better to emigrate, and make a new start in a new country, where there's plenty of room?”

“ Oh, I know that argument very well,” said Shaw, with a snort of indignation. “ I have it all at my fingers' ends. I've preached it many a day. But what does it mean, when all's done? It means just sheep, or it means deer, and a pickle roofless houses standing here and there, and not a soul in the glen. There was a time even when I had just an enthusiasm for it — and I've sent away as many as most. But after all, they're harmless, God-fearing folk; the land is the better of them, and none the worse. There's John Paterson has had great losses with his sheep, and there's yon English loon that had the shooting, and shot every feather on the place; both the one and the other will be far more out of his lordship's pocket than my poor bit crofters. I laid all that before him; and he showed a manful spirit, that I will always say. No, minister, it was not to argue the case from its foundations that I came to you. I know very well what the economists say. I think they're not more than half right, though they're so cocksure. But if you'll tell me what I should do — ”

This, however, was what Mr. Cameron was not capable of. He said, after an interval, “ I will go to-morrow and try if I can see him, if you think it would not be ill taken.”

“ To-morrow is the last day,” said the factor gloomily: and after a little while he followed the example of all the others, and sent for his dog-cart and drove himself away. But a more anxious man did not averse any road in Great Britain on that wintry afternoon; and bitter thoughts were in his heart of the capricious family, whose interests were in his hands, and to whom he was almost too faithful a servant. “ Oh, the weird of the Me'vans!” said Mr. Shaw to himself, “ if they were not so taken up with themselves and took more thought for other folk we would hear little of any weirds. I have

no time for weirds. I have just my work to do and I do it. The Lord preserve us from idleness, and luxury, and occupation with ourselves!" Here the good man in his righteous wrath and trouble and disappointment was unjust, as many a good man has been before.

When Hamish had pushed off from the beach, and the little party were afloat, Oona repented her of that movement of mingled offence and *espiglerie* which had made her transfer the factor's appeal from herself to her mother: and it was only then that Mrs. Forrester recollected how imperfect the communication was. "Bless me," Mrs. Forrester said, "I forgot to ask after all what it was he wanted me to say. That was a daft-like thing, to charge me with a message and never to tell me what it was. And how can I tell my Lord Erradeen! I suppose you could not put back, Hamish, to inquire? — but there's nobody left yonder at the landing that I can see, so it would be little use. How could you let me do such a silly thing, Oona, my dear?"

"Most likely, mamma, we shall not see Lord Erradeen, and so no harm will be done."

"Not see Lord Erradeen! Do ye think then, Oona, that he has no manners, or that he's ignorant how to behave? I wonder what has made ye take an ill-will at such a nice young man. There was nothing in him to justify it, that I could see. And to think I should have a message for him and not know what it is! How am I to give him the message when it was never given to me? I just never heard of such a dilemma. Something perhaps of importance, and me charged to give it, and not to know what it was!"

"Maybe, mem," said Mysie from the other end of the boat, with that serene certainty that her mistress's affairs were her own, which distinguishes an old Scotch family retainer, "maybe Miss Oona will ken."

"Oh, yes, I suppose I know," said Oona reluctantly. "It is something about the cotters at the Truach Glas, who will be turned out to-morrow unless Lord Erradeen interferes; but why should we be charged with that? We are very unlikely to see Lord Erradeen, and to-morrow is the day."

This piece of information caused a great excitement in the little party. The cotters to be turned out!

"But no, no, that was just to frighten you. He will never do it," said Mrs. Forrester, putting on a smile to reassure

herself after a great flutter and outcry. "No, no; it must just have been to give us all a fright. John Shaw is a very decent man. I knew his father perfectly well, who was the minister at Rannoch, and a very good preacher. No, no, Oona, my dear — he could never do it; and yon fine lad that is so like my Ronald (though you will not see it) would never do it. You need not look so pale. It is just his way of joking with you. Many a man thinks it pleasant to tell a story like that to a lady just to hear what she says."

"Eh, but it's ill joking with poor folks' lives," cried Mysie, craning over Hamish's shoulder to hear every word.

"It's none joking," said Hamish gruffly, between the sweep of his oars.

"It's none joking, say ye? Na, it's grim earnest, or I'm sair mistaken," said the woman. "Eh, Miss Oona, but I would gang round the loch on my bare feet, Sabbath though it be, rather than no give a message like yon."

"How can we do it?" cried Oona; "how are we to see Lord Erradeen? I am sure he will not come to call; and even if he did come to-morrow in the afternoon it would be too late."

"My dear," said Mrs. Forrester, "we will keep a lookout in the morning. Hamish will just be fishing at the point, and hail him as soon as he sees him. For it was in the morning he came before."

"Oh, mem!" cried Mysie, "but would you wait for that? It's ill to lippen to a young man's fancy. He might be late of getting up (they're mostly lazy in the morning), or he might be writing his letters, or he might be seeing to his guns, or there's just a hundred things he might be doing. What would ye say if, maybe, Miss Oona was to write one of her bonnie little noddies on that awfu' bonnie paper, with her name upon't, and tell him ye wanted to see him at ten o'clock or eleven o'clock, or whatever time you please?"

"Or we might go over to-night in the boat," said Hamish laconically.

Mrs. Forrester was used to take much counsel. She turned from one to the other with uncertain looks. "But, Oona," she said, "you are saying nothing! and you are generally the foremost. If it is not just nonsense and a joke of John Shaw's —"

"I think," said Oona, "that Mr. Shaw will surely find some other way; but it was no joke, mother. Who would joke on such a subject? He said if Lord Erradeen called we were to use our influence."

"That would I," said Mrs. Forrester, "use my influence. I would just tell him, You must not do it. Bless me, a young man new in the country to take a step like that and put every person against him! No, no, it is not possible; but a lady," she added, bridling a little with her smile of innocent vanity, "a lady may say anything — she may say things that another person cannot. I would just tell him, You must not do it! and that would be all that would be needed. But bless me, Oona, how are we to use our influence unless we can see him? — and I cannot see how we are to get at him."

"Oh, mem!" cried Mysie, impeding Hamish's oars as she stretched over his shoulder, "just one of Miss Oona's little notions!"

But this was a step that required much reflection, and at which the anxious mother shook her head.

CHAPTER XV.

It had rained all night, and the morning was wet and cold; the water dull like lead, the sky a mass of clouds; all the bare branches of the trees dropping limp in the humid air. Mrs. Forrester, on further thought, had not permitted Oona to write even the smallest of her "bit notties" to Lord Erradeen: for, though she lived on an isle in Loch Houran, this lady flattered herself that she knew the world. She indited a little epistle of her own, in which she begged him to come and see her upon what she might call a matter of business — a thing that concerned his own affairs. This was carried by Hamish, but it received no reply. Lord Erradeen was out. Where could he be out on a Sabbath day at night, in a place where there were no dinner parties, nor any club, nor the temptations of a town, but just a lonely country place? Nor was there any answer in the morning, which was more wonderful still. It was ill-bred, Mrs. Forrester thought, and she was more than ever glad that her daughter had not been involved in the matter. But Hamish had information which was not communicated to the drawing-room, and over which Mysie and he laid their heads together in the kitchen. The poor young gentleman was off his head altogether, the servants said. The door was just left open, and he came in, nobody knew when. He could not bear that anybody should say a word to him. There had been thoughts among them of sending for his mother, and old Symington showed to Hamish a telegram pre-

pared for Mr. Milnathort, acquainting him with the state of affairs, which he had not yet ventured to send — "For he will come to himself soon or syne," the old man said; "it's just the weird of the Me'vens that is upon him." Symington was indifferent to the fate of the poor crofters. He said "The factor will ken what to do." He was not a Loch Houran man.

On the Monday, however, the feeling of all the little population on the isle ran very high. The wet morning, the leaden loch, the low-lying clouds oppressed the mental atmosphere, and the thought of the poor people turned out of their houses in the rain, increased the misery of the situation in a way scarcely to be expected in the west, where it is supposed to rain forever. At eleven o'clock Oona appeared in her thickest ulster and her strongest boots.

"I am going up to see old Jenny," she said, with a little air of determination.

"My dear, you will be just wet through; and are you sure your boots are thick enough? You will come back to me with a heavy cold, and then what shall we all do? But take some tea and sugar in your basket, Oona," said her mother. She went with the girl to the door in spite of these half objections, which did not mean anything. "And a bottle of my ginger cordial might not be amiss — they all like it, poor bodies! And, Oona, see, my dear, here are two pound-notes. It's all I have of change, and it's more than I can afford; but if it comes to the worst — But surely, surely John Shaw, that is a very decent man, and comes of a good family, will have found the means to do something!"

The kind lady stood at the door indifferent to the wet which every breath of air shook from the glistening branches. It had ceased to rain, and in the west there was a pale clearness, which made the leaden loch more chilly still, yet was a sign of amelioration. Mrs. Forrester wrung her hands, and cast one look at the glistening woods of Auchnasheen, and another at the dark mass, on the edge of the water, of Kinloch-houran. She did not know whether to be angry with Lord Erradeen for being so ill-bred, or to compassionate him for the eclipse which he had sustained. But, after all, he was a very secondary object in her mind in comparison with Oona, whose course she watched in the boat, drawing a long line across the leaden surface of the water. She was just like the dove out of the ark, Mrs. Forrester thought.

The little hamlet of Truach Glas was at some distance from the loch. Oona walked briskly along the coach road for two miles or thereabouts, then turned up to the left on a road which narrowed as it ascended till it became little more than a cart-track, with a footway at the side. In the broader valley below a substantial farmhouse, with a few outlying cottages, was the only point of habitation, and on either side of the road a few cultivated fields, chiefly of turnips and potatoes, were all that broke the stretches of pasture, extending to the left as high as grass would grow, up the dark slopes of the hills. But the smaller glen on the right had a more varied and lively appearance, and was broken into small fields bearing signs of cultivation tolerably high up, some of them still yellow with the stubble of the late harvest, the poor little crop of oats or barley which never hoped to ripen before October, if then. A mountain stream, which was scarcely a thread of water in the summer, now leaped fiercely enough, turbid and swollen, from rock to rock in its rapid descent. The houses clustered on a little tableland at some height above the road, where a few gnarled hawthorns, rowans, and birches were growing. They were poor enough to have disgusted any social reformer, or political economist; grey growths of rough stones, which might have come together by chance, so little shape was there in the bulging walls. Only a few of them had even the rough chimney at one end wattled with ropes of straw, which showed an advanced civilization. The others had nothing but the hole in the roof, which is the first and homeliest expedient of primitive ventilation. It might have been reasonably asked what charm these hovels could have to any one to make them worth struggling for. But reason is not lord of all. There was no appearance of excitement about the place when Oona, walking quickly, and a little out of breath, reached the foremost houses. The men and boys were out about their work, up the hill, or down the water, in the occupations of the day; and indeed there were but few men, at any time, about the place. Three out of the half-dozen houses were tenanted by "widow women," one with boys who cultivated her little holding, one who kept going with the assistance of a hired lad, while the third lived upon her cow, which the neighbors helped her to take care of. The chief house of the community, and the only one which bore something of a comfortable aspect, was that of Duncan

Fraser, who had the largest allotment of land, and who, though he had fallen back so far with his rent as to put himself in the power of the law, was one of the class which as peasant proprietors are thought to be the strength of France. If the land had been his own he would have found existence very possible under the hard and stern conditions which were natural to him, and probably would have brought up for the Church Robbie his eldest boy, who had got all the parish school could give him, and was still dreaming, as he cut the peats or hoed the potatoes, of Glasgow College and the world. Of the other two houses, one was occupied by an old pair whose children were out in the world, and who managed, by the contributions of distant sons and daughters, to pay their rent. The last was in the possession of a "weirdless" wight, who loved whiskey better than home or holding, and whose wife and children toiled through as best they could the labor of their few fields. There were about twenty children in the six houses, all ruddy, weatherbeaten, flaxen-haired, the girls tied up about their shoulders in little tartan shawls, and very bare about their legs; the boys in every kind of quaint garments, little bags of trousers, cobbled out of bigger garments by workwomen more frugal than artistic. The rent had failed, for how was money to be had on these levels? but the porridge had never altogether failed. A few little ones were playing "about the doors" in a happy superiority to all prejudices on the subject of mud and puddles. One woman was washing her clothes at her open door. Old Jenny, whom Oona had come to see, was out upon her doorstep, gazing down the glen to watch the footsteps of her precious "coo," which a lass of ten with streaming hair was leading out to get a mouthful of wet grass. Jenny's mind was always in a flutter lest something should happen to the cow.

"Ye would pass her by upon the road, Miss Oona," the old woman said, "and how would ye think she was looking? To get meat to her, it's just a' my thought; but I canna think she will be none the worse for a bit mouthfu' on the hill."

"But, Jenny, have you nothing to think of but the cow? It will not be true then, that the time of grace is over, and that the sheriff's officers are coming to turn you all out?"

"The sheriff's officers!" cried Jenny. She took the edge of her apron in her hand and drew the hem slowly through her fingers, which was a sign of perplex-

ity; but yet she was quite composed. "Na, na, Miss Oona, they'll never turn us out. What wad I be thinking about but the coo? She's my breadwinner and a' my family. Hoots no, they'll never turn us out."

"But Mr. Shaw was in great trouble yesterday. He said this was the last day —"

"I never fash'd my thoom about it," said Jenny. "The last day! It's maybe the last, or the first, I would never be taking no notice. For the factor, he's our great friend, and he would not be letting them do it. No, no; it would but be his jokes," the old woman said.

Was it his jokes? This was the second time the idea had been presented to her; but Oona remembered the factor's serious face.

"You all seem very quiet here," she said; "not as if any trouble was coming. But has there not been trouble, Jenny, about your rent or something?"

"Muckle trouble," said Jenny; "they were to have taken the coo. What would have become of me if they had ta'en the coo? Duncan, they have ta'en his, puir lad. To see it go down the brae was enough to break your heart. But John Shaw he's a kind man; he would not be letting them meddle with us. He just said, 'I's a lone woman; my lord can do without it better than the old wife can do without it,' he said. He's a kind man, and so my bonnie beast was saved. I was wae for Duncan; but still, Miss Oona, things is no desperate so lang as you keep safe your ain coo."

"That is true," said Oona with a little laugh. There must, she thought, be some mistake, or else Mr. Shaw had found Lord Erradeen, and without the help of any influence had moved him to pity the cotters. Under this consolation she got out her tea and sugar, and other trifles which had been put into the basket. It was a basket that was well known in the neighborhood, and had conveyed many a little dainty in time of need. Jenny was grateful for the little packets of tea and sugar which she took more or less as a right, but looked with a curious eye at the "ginger cordial" for which Mrs. Forrester was famous. It was not a wicked thing like whisky, no, no; but it warmed ye on a cold day. Jenny would not have objected to a drop. While she eyed it there became audible far-off voices down the glen, and sounds as of several people approaching, sounds very unusual in this remote corner of the world. Jenny forgot

the ginger cordial and Oona ran to the door to see what it was, and the woman who had been washing paused in her work, and old Nancy Robertson, she whose rent was paid, and who had no need to fear any sheriff's officers, came out to her door. Even the children stopped in their game. The voices were still far off, down upon the road, upon which there was a group of men, scarcely distinguishable at this distance. Simon Fraser's wife, she who had been washing, called out that it was Duncan talking to the factor; but who were those other men? A sense of approaching trouble came upon the women. Nelly Fraser wiped the soapsuds from her arms, and wrung her hands still fresh from her tub. She was always prepared for evil, as is natural to a woman with a "weirdless" husband. Old Jenny, for her part, thought at once of the coo. She flew, as well as her old legs would carry her to the nearest knoll, and shrieked to the fair-haired little lass who was slowly following that cherished animal to bring Brockie back. "Bring her back, ye silly thing. Will ye no be seeing — but I mauna say that," she added in an undertone. "Bring back the coo! Bring her back! Jessie, my lamb, bring back the coo." What with old Jenny shrieking, and the voices in the distance, and something magnetic and charged with disorder in the air, people began to appear from all the houses. One of the widow's sons, a red and hairy lad, came running in in his heavy boots from the field where he was working. Duncan Fraser's daughter set down a basket of peat which she was carrying in, and called her mother to the door. "There's my faither with the factor and twa-three strange men," said the girl, "and oh, what will they be wanting here?" Thus the women and children looked on with growing terror, helpless before the approach of fate, as they might have done two centuries before, when the invaders were rapine and murder, instead of calm authority and law.

When Oona made her appearance half an hour before everything had been unquestioning tranquillity and peace. Now, without a word said, all was alarm. The poor people did not know what was going to happen, but they felt that something was going to happen. They had been living on a volcano, easily, quietly, without thinking much of it. But now the fire was about to blaze forth. Through the minds of those that were mothers there ran a calculation as swift as light.

"What will we do with the bairns? what will we do with granny? and the bits of plenishing?" they said to each other. The younger ones were half pleased with the excitement, not knowing what it was. Meantime Duncan and Mr. Shaw came together up the road, the poor man arguing with great animation and earnestness, the factor listening with a troubled countenance and sometimes shaking his head. Behind them followed the servants of the law, those uncomfortable officials to whom the odium of their occupation clings, though it is no fault of theirs.

"No, Mr. Shaw, we canna pay. You know that as well as I do; but oh, sir, give us a little time. Would you turn the weans out on the hill and the auld folk? What would I care if it was just me? But think upon the wake creatures — my auld mother that is eighty, and the bairns. If my lord will not let us off there's some of the other gentry that are kind and will lend us a helping hand. Oh, give us time! My lord that is young and so well off, he canna surely understand. What is it to him? and to us it's life and death."

"Duncan, my man," said the factor, "you are just breaking my heart. I know all that as well as you; but what can I do? It is the last day, and we have to act or we just make fools of ourselves. My lord might have stopped it, but he has not seen fit. For God's sake say no more, for I cannot do it. Ye just break my heart!"

By this time the women were within hearing, and stood listening with wistful faces, turning from one to another. When he paused they struck in together, moving towards him eagerly.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw, you've always been our friend," cried Duncan's wife; "you canna mean that you've come to turn us out to the hill, with all the little ones and granny?"

"Oh, sir!" cried the other, "have pity upon me that has nae prop nor help but just a weirdless man."

"Me, I have nae man ava, but just thae hands to travail for my bairns," said a third.

And then there came a shriller tone of indignation. "The young lord, he'll just get a curse — he'll get no blessing."

The factor made a deprecating gesture with his hands. "I can do nothing, I can do nothing," he said. "Take your bairns down the glen to my housekeeper, Marg'ret; take them down to the town, the rest of ye — they shall not want. Whatever I can do, I'll do. But for God's

sake do not stop us with your wailin', for it has to be done; it is no fault of mine."

This appeal touched one of the sufferers at least with a movement of fierce irony. Duncan uttered a short, sharp laugh, which rung strangely into the air, so full of passion. "Haud your tongues, women," he cried, "and no vex Mr. Shaw; you're hurting his feelings," with a tone impossible to describe, in which wrath and misery and keen indignation and ridicule contended for the mastery. He was the only man in the desolate group. He drew a few steps apart and folded his arms upon his breast, retiring in that pride of despair which a cotter ruined may experience no less than a king vanquished, from further struggle or complaint. The women neither understood nor noted the finer meaning in his words. They had but one thought, the misery before them. They crowded round the factor, all speaking in one breath, grasping his arm to call his attention — almost mobbing him with distracted appeals, with the wild, natural eloquence of their waving hands and straining eyes.

Meanwhile there were other elements, some comic enough, in the curious circle round. Old Nancy Robertson had not left the doorstep where she stood keenly watching in the composure and superiority of one whom nobody could touch, who had paid her rent, and was above the world. It was scarcely possible not to be a little complacent in the superiority of her circumstances, or to refrain from criticising the unseemly excitement of the others. She had her spectacles on her nose, and her head projected, and she thought they were all like playactors with their gesticulations and cries. "I wouldna be skreighin' like that — no me," she said. Round about the fringe of children gaped and gazed, some stolid with amaze, some pale, in a vague, sympathetic misery, none of them quite without a certain enjoyment of this extraordinary episode and stimulation of excitement. And old Jenny, awakened to no alarm about her cottage, still stood upon her knoll, with her whole soul intent upon the fortunes of Brockie, who had met the sheriff's officers in full career. The attempts of her little guardian to turn the cow back from her whiff of pasture had only succeeded in calling the special attention of these invaders. They stopped short, and one of them taking a piece of rope from his pocket secured it round the neck of the frightened animal, who stood something like a woman in a similar case, looking to left and to

right, not knowing in her confusion which way to bolt, though the intention was evident in her terrified eyes. At this Jenny gave a shriek of mingled rage and terror, which in its superior force and concentrated passion rang through all the other sounds, silencing for the moment even the wailing of the women—and flung herself into the midst of the struggle. She was a dry, little, withered old woman, nimble and light, and ran like a hare or rabbit down the rough road without a pause or stumble.

"My coo!" cried Jenny, "ye sallna tak' her; ye sall tak' my heart's blood first. My coo! Miss Oona, Miss Oona, will you just be standing by, like nothing at all, and letting them tak' my coo? G'way, ye robbers," Jenny shrieked, flinging one arm about the neck of the alarmed brute, while she pushed away its captor with the other. Her arm was still vigorous, though she was old. The man stumbled and lost his hold of the rope; the cow, liberated, tossed head and tail into the air and flung off to the hillside like a deer. The shock threw Jenny down and stunned her. This made a little diversion in the dismal scene above.

And now it became evident that whatever was to be done must be done, expression being exhausted on the part of the victims, who stood about in a blank of overwrought feeling awaiting the next move. The factor made a sign with his hand, and sat down upon a ledge of rock opposite the cottages, his shaggy eyebrows curved over his eyes, his hat drawn down upon his brows. A sort of silent shock ran through the beholders when the men entered the first cottage: and when they came out again carrying a piece of furniture, there was a cry, half savage in its wild impotence. Unfortunately the first thing that came to their hands was a large wooden cradle, in which lay a baby tucked up under the big patchwork quilt, which bulged out on every side. As it was set down upon its large rockers on the uneven ground the little sleeper gave a startled wail; and then it was that that cry, sharp and keen, dividing the silence like a knife, burst from the breasts of the watching people. It was Nelly Fraser's baby, who had the "weirdless" man. She stood with her bare arms wrapped in her apron beside her abandoned washing-tub, and gazed as if incapable of movement, with a face like ashes, at the destruction of her home. But while the mother stood stupefied, a little thing of three or four, which had been clinging to

her skirts in keen baby wonder and attention, when she saw the cradle carried forth into the open air immediately took the place of guardian. Such an incident had never happened in all little Jeanie's experience before. She trotted forth, abandoning all alarm, to the road in which it was set down, and, turning a little smiling face of perfect content to the world, began to rock it softly with little coos of soothing and rills of infant laughter. The sombre background round, with all its human misery, made a dismal foil to this image of innocent satisfaction. The factor jumped up and turned his back upon the scene altogether, biting his nails and lowering his brows in a fury of wretchedness. And at last the poor women began to stir and take whispered counsel with each other. There was no longer room for either hope or entreaty; the only thing to be thought of now was what to do.

The next cottage was that of Nancy Robertson, who still held her position on her doorstep, watching the proceedings with a keen but somewhat complacent curiosity. They gave her an intense sense of self-importance and superiority, though she was not without feeling. When, however, the men, who had warmed to their work, and knew no distinction between one and another, approached her, a sudden panic and fury seized the old woman. She defied them shrilly, flying at the throat of the foremost with her old hands. The wretchedness of the poor women whose children were being thrust out shelterless did not reach the wild height of passion of her whose lawful property was threatened.

"Villains!" she shrieked, "will ye break into my hoose? What right have ye in my hoose? I'll brack your bones afore you put a fit into my hoose."

"Whisht, whisht, wife," said one of the men; "let go now, or I'll have to hurt ye. You canna stop us. You'll just do harm to yourself."

"John Shaw, John Shaw," shrieked Nancy, "do ye see what they're doing? and me that has paid my rent, no like those weirdless fuils. Do you hear me speak? I've paid my rent to the last farden. I've discharged a' my debts, as I wuss ithers would discharge their debts to me." Her voice calmed down as the factor turned and made an impatient sign to the men. "Ye see," said Nancy, making a little address to her community, "what it is to have right on your side. They canna meddle with me. My man's auld, and I have everything to do for

mysel', but they canna lay a hand on me."

"Oh, hold your tongue, woman," cried Duncan Fraser. "If ye canna help us, ye can let us be."

"And wha says that I canna help ye? I am just saying—I pay my debts as I wuss that ithers should pay their debts to me; and that's Scriptor," said Nancy; but she added, "I never said I would shut my door to a neebor: ye can bring in granny here; I'm no just a heart of stane like that young lord."

The women had not waited to witness Nancy's difficulties. Most of them had gone into their houses, to take a shawl from a cupboard, a book from the "drawers-head." One or two appeared with the family Bible under their arm. "The Lord kens where we are to go, but we must go somewhere," they said. There was a little group about Oona and her two pound-notes. The moment of excitement was over, and they had now nothing to do but to meet their fate. The factor paced back and forward on the path, going out of his way to avoid here and there a pile of poor furniture. And the work of devastation went on rapidly: it is so easy, alas, to dismantle a cottage with its but and ben. Duncan Fraser did not move till two or three had been emptied. When he went in to bring out his mother, there was a renewed sensation among the worn-out people who were scarcely capable of any further excitement. Granny was granny to all the glen. She was the only survivor of her generation. They had all known her from their earliest days. They stood worn and sorrow-stricken, huddled together in a little crowd, waiting before they took any further steps, till granny should come.

But it was not granny who came first. Some one, a stranger even to the children, whose attention was so easily attracted by any novelty, appeared suddenly round a corner of the hill. He paused at the unexpected sight of the little cluster of habitations, for the country was little known to him, and for a moment appeared as if he would have turned back. But the human excitement about this scene caught him in spite of himself. He gazed at it for a moment trying to divine what was happening, then came on slowly with hesitating steps. He had been out all the morning, as he had been for some days before. His being had sustained a great moral shock, and for the moment all his holds on life seemed gone. This was the

first thing that had moved him even to the faintest curiosity. He came forward slowly, observed by no one. The factor was still standing with his back to the woeful scene, gloomily contemplating the distant country, while Oona was mingled with the women, joining in their consultations, and doing her best to rouse poor Nelly, who sat by her baby's cradle like a creature dazed and capable of no further thought. There was, therefore, no one to recognize Lord Erradeen as he came slowly into the midst of this tragedy, not knowing what it was. The officials had recovered their spirits as they got on with their work. Natural pity and sympathetic feeling had yielded to the carelessness of habit and common occupation. They had begun to make rough jokes with each other, to fling the cotters' possessions carelessly out of the windows, to give each other catches with a "Hi! tak this," flinging the things about. Lord Erradeen had crossed the little bridge, and was in the midst of the action of the painful drama, when they brought out from Duncan's house his old mother's chair. It was cushioned with pillows, one of which tumbled out into the mud and was roughly caught up by the rough fellow who carried it, and flung at his companion's head, with a laugh and jest. It was he who first caught sight of the stranger, a new figure among the disconsolate crowd. He gave a whistle to his comrade to announce a novelty, and rattled down hastily out of his hands the heavy chair. Walter was wholly roused by the strangeness of this pantomime. It brought back something to his mind, though he could scarcely tell what. He stepped in front of the man and asked, "What does this mean?" in a hasty and somewhat imperious tone; but his eyes answered his question almost before he had asked it. Nelly Fraser with her pile of furniture, her helpless group of children, her stupefied air of misery, was full in the foreground, and the ground was strewn with other piles. Half of the houses in the hamlet were already gutted. One poor woman was lifting her bedding out of the wet, putting it up upon chairs; another stood regarding hers helplessly, as if without energy to attempt even so small a salvage.

"What is the meaning of all this?" the young man cried imperiously again.

His voice woke something in the deep air of despondency and misery which had not been there before. It caught the ear

of Oona, who pushed the women aside in sudden excitement. It roused — was it a faint thrill of hope in the general despair? Last of all it reached the factor, who, standing gloomily apart, had closed himself up in angry wretchedness against any appeal. He did not hear this, but somehow felt it in the air, and turned round, not knowing what the new thing was. When he saw Lord Erradeen, Shaw was seized as with a sudden frenzy. He turned round upon him sharply, with an air which was almost threatening.

"What does it mean?" he said. "It means your will and pleasure, Lord Erradeen, not mine. God is my witness, no will of mine. You brute!" cried the factor suddenly, "what are you doing? stand out of the way, and let the honest woman pass. Get out of her way, I tell you, or I'll send ye head foremost down the glen!"

This sudden outcry, which was a relief to the factor's feelings, was addressed not to Walter, but to the man who, coming out again with a new armful, came rudely in the way of the old granny, to whom all the glen looked up, and who was coming out with a look of bewilderment on her aged face, holding by her son's arm. Granny comprehended vaguely, if at all, what was going on. She gave a momentary glance of suspicion at the fellow who pushed against her, then looked out with a faint smile at the two gentlemen standing in front of the door. Her startled mind recurred to its old instincts with but a faint perception of anything new.

"Sirs," she said, in her feeble old voice, "I am distressed I canna ask ye in; but I'm feckless mysel being a great age, and there's some flitting going on, and my good-daughter she is out of the way."

"Do you hear that, my lord?" cried Shaw; "the old wife is making her excuses for not asking you into a house you are turning her out of at the age of eighty-three. Oh, I am not minding if I give ye offence! I have had enough of it. Find another factor, Lord Erradeen. I would rather gather stones upon the fields than do again what I have done this day."

Walter looked about like a man awakened from a dream. He said, almost with awe, —

"Is this supposed to be done by me? I know nothing of it, nor the reason. What is the reason? I disown it altogether as any act of mine."

"Oh, my lord," cried Shaw, who was in a state of wild excitement, "there is the

best of reasons. Rent — your lordship understands that — a little more money lest your coffers should not be full enough. And as for these poor bodies, they have so much to put up with, a little more does not matter. They have not a roof to their heads, but that's nothing to your lordship. You can cover the hills with sheep, and they can — die — if they like," cried the factor, avenging himself for all he had suffered. He turned away with a gesture of despair and fury. "I have done enough; I wash my hands of it," he cried.

Walter cast around him a bewildered look. To his own consciousness he was a miserable and helpless man; but all the poor people about gazed at him, wistful, deprecating, as at a sort of unknown, unfriendly god, who had their lives in his hands. The officers perhaps thought it a good moment to show their zeal in the eyes of the young lord. They made a plunge into the house once more, and appeared again, one carrying Duncan's bed, a great, slippery, unwieldy sack of chaff, another charged with the old, tall, eight-day clock, which he jerked along as if it had been a man hopping from one foot to another.

"We'll soon be done, my lord," the first said in an encouraging tone, "and then 'the commotion will just die away.'"

Lord Erradeen had been lost in a miserable dream. He woke up now at this keen touch of reality, and found himself in a position so abhorrent and antagonistic to all his former instincts and traditions, that his very being seemed to stand still in the horror of the moment. Then a sudden passionate energy filled all his veins. The voice in which he ordered the men back rang through the glen. He had flung himself upon one of them in half-frantic rage, before he was aware what he was doing, knocking down the astounded official, who got up rubbing his elbow, and declaring it was no fault of his; while Walter glanced at him, not knowing what he did. But after this encounter with flesh and blood Lord Erradeen recovered his reason. He turned round quickly, and with his own hands carried back granny's chair. The very weight of it, the touch of something to do, brought life into his veins. He took the old woman from her son's arm, and led her in reverently, supporting her upon his own: then going out again without a word, addressed himself to the manual work of restoration. From the moment

of his first movement, the whole scene changed in the twinkling of one eye. The despairing apathy of the people gave way to a tumult of haste and activity. Duncan Fraser was the first to move.

"My lord!" he cried; "if you are my lord," his stern composure yielding to tremulous excitement, "if it's your good will and pleasure to let us bide, that's all we want. Take no trouble for us; take no thought for that." Walter gave him a look, almost without intelligence. He had not a word to say. He was not sufficiently master of himself to express the sorrow and anger and humiliation in his awakened soul; but he could carry back the poor people's things, which was a language of nature not to be misunderstood. He went on taking no heed of the eager assistance offered on all sides. "I'll do it, my lord. Oh, dinna you trouble. It's ower much kindness. Ye'll fyle your fingers; ye'll wear out your strength. We'll do it; we'll do it," the people cried.

The cottagers' doors flew open as by magic; they worked all together, the women, the children, and Duncan Fraser and Lord Erradeen. Even Oona joined, carrying the little children back to their homes, picking up here a bird in a cage, there a little stunted geranium or musk in a pot. In half an hour it seemed, or less, the whole was done, and when the clouds that had been lowering on the hills and darkening the atmosphere broke and began to pour down torrents of rain upon the glen, the little community was housed and comfortable once more.

While this excitement lasted Walter was once more the healthful and vigorous young man who had travelled with Oona on the coach, and laughed with her on the isle. But when the storm was over, and they walked together towards the loch, she became aware of the difference in him. He was very serious, pale, almost haggard, now that the excitement was over. His smiling lips smiled no longer, there was in his eyes, once so light-hearted and careless, a sort of hunted, anxious look.

"No," he said, in answer to her questions, "I have not been ill; I have had — family matters to occupy me, and of this I knew nothing. Letters? I had none, I received nothing. I have been occupied, too much perhaps, with — family affairs."

Upon this no comment could be made, but his changed looks made so great a claim upon her sympathy that Oona

looked at him with eyes that were almost tender in their pity. He turned round suddenly and met her glance.

"You know," he said, with a slight tremble in his voice, "that there are some things — they say in every family — a little hard to bear. But I have been too much absorbed — I was taken by surprise. It shall happen no more." He held his head high, and looked round him as if to let some one else see the assurance he was giving her. "I promise you," he added, in a tone that rang like a defiance, "it shall happen no more!" Then he added hurriedly with a slight swerve aside, and trembling in his voice, "Do you think I might come with you? Would Mrs. Forrester have me at the isle?"

From The Saturday Review.

A NEW LAKE TRITONIS.

M. DE LESSEPS'S report to the French Academy of Sciences on the subject of the proposed inland sea in Tunis and Algeria adds some interesting details of an engineering kind to the facts already known. But perhaps its principal importance is, that it has in all probability given the general reader his first clear idea (if it has indeed given it to him) of Commandant Roudaire's famous and much misrepresented project. Scarcely anything of the kind has ever been more exaggerated than this scheme of creating or restoring an inland waterway through the heart of eastern Algeria. Visions of a new ocean in the interior of Africa, of French gunboats sailing bravely from Algiers to Timbuctoo, of the ship of the desert giving place all over the Sahara to an actual ship furnished with steam or sails, and indeed of all north Africa flooded, have floated before French as well as English eyes. From some descriptions of the project, it really might have seemed that Africa was to be changed bodily into the semblance of a Pacific atoll, with a thin fringe of coast, parting the Indian and Atlantic Oceans from another ocean in its interior, whence the Atlas and our lamented friends, the Mountains of the Moon, were to rise islet fashion. The climate of the world was to be changed, the Mediterranean fishes to be left gasping on dry land — all sorts of wonderful things to happen. Indeed, it was only not quite clear what advantage was to be derived from flooding a continent in or

der the better to get at its interior. Of course every one possessed of the slightest geographical knowledge knew the folly of supposing that even any considerable part of the Sahara itself could be submerged. The general elevation of that vast district is by no means low, and the great tableland of the Jebel Hoggar in its centre, with ramifications which reach the spurs of the Atlas on one side, and the mountains of Darfur on the other, would be an insuperable barrier to anything short of a new deluge. But it was equally well known that there was, on a much smaller and more practicable scale, an operation of the kind possible as far as general considerations go, in the centre of the north African coast, and that the general inference from the statements of travellers was decidedly in its favor, though, of course, the consideration of engineering details and of expense remained to be settled. This is the plan which M. de Lesseps has been engaged in investigating, which Commandant Roudaire has been advocating for some ten years, and which may be said to have a calculable, if not a very immediate, chance of being carried out.

The Lesser Syrtis and the Lake Tritonis are names frequent enough in classical story, if not history, and a probability which amounts to practical certainty identifies the Lesser Syrtis with the Gulf of Gabes (the innermost recess of the great bay of Tunis and Tripoli) and the Lake Tritonis with the marsh of quicksand which now opens (or rather does not open) from that gulf landwards. Beyond this marsh, dotted westward on the way to the Atlas, there are marked on every map of Algeria things which look like lakes, and which bear the local name of *chotts*. They are often spoken of as marshes, but in reality they are rather the dry beds of former marshes or lakes, sometimes treacherous to caravans and even to ill-guided foot-passengers, but rarely containing any water, though famous for mirages. These chotts extend westward and southward for some hundreds of miles in a broken chain connected by depressions only a little elevated above their own level. Biskra, the chief place of trade in central Algeria, and famous both for a local plague (the *bouton de Biskra*) somewhat resembling the "Aleppo boil," and for some social peculiarities which attract curious French tourists, is the limit in the one direction. In the other, the chotts have been less accurately surveyed, but they would seem

to extend southwards a good way towards Wargla, the centre-point of all the south Algerian caravan routes, and an outpost, though more nominally than really, of French authority. But a very remarkable point about these chotts, and one which is intimately connected with their projected future, has yet to be mentioned. According to the classical accounts, there was a river as well as a Lake Tritonis, and this river has not been clearly identified. But the travels of various French explorers, especially Duveyrier and Lugeau, have discovered various wadis or undoubted river-courses radiating from the chotts. One of these, the Wady Righ, which leads from the great Chott Melhir, far in the interior, to the oasis of Tuggurt, and thence through another chott right up into the heart of the Sahara, is described as having the most clearly marked river banks, traces, geological and other, of water action on a great scale, actual water obtainable by boring all along its bed, and other unmistakable signs. It is this system of chotts extending about two hundred and fifty miles from the sea to Biskra, and of indefinite and varying breadth, that it is proposed to flood by letting in the Mediterranean at the Wady Melah, in the neighborhood of Gabes.

The objects which would be attained, supposing the operation to be successful, are sufficiently manifold. In the first place, an undoubtedly fertile region lying on the landward side of the hills which run parallel to the coast, and now only attainable by tedious and expensive road-travelling, would be opened up for direct water transit across the newly created lake. This in its shallower parts would be treated like the lakes through which the Suez Canal already passes. It would make available a large expanse of agricultural country, the actual productiveness of which is now to a great extent wasted because it is not worth while to summon it forth. In the second place, the French count on attracting to this new waterway a great part of the already considerable Sahara trade. At present very little of that trade reaches Algeria or even Tunis, most of it being directed either to Tafilat in Morocco or to Ghadames just across the Tripolitan frontier. But these expectations by no means exhaust the list of benefits which Commandant Roudaire and those who think with him expect from their project. They calculate on rendering fertile a vast tract of now sterile country round the projected sea by the natural

operation of evaporation, which especially at first would be very rapid. They calculate almost more on reviving in the wadys already mentioned the old rivers which such an evaporation would feed, and which would in their turn play the part of fertilizers, if not also of waterways. They think that the sea and the rivers would be fed by the underground water which undoubtedly exists, though the present aridity of the surface prevents it from appearing, and they count on numerous subsidiary sources of profit and revenue, such as fisheries and the like. They have now the unquestionable authority of M. de Lesseps to support them in pronouncing the initial works at the sea-coast for admitting the water to be feasible and indeed easy, the probability of the new lake being swallowed up by the thirsty ground or dissipated at once by the fierce sun to be small, and the danger of multiplying marshes and malaria to be imaginary. Of the grandiosity of the scheme (a thing never to be forgotten in reference to French projects) there can be no doubt, despite its reduction from the fantastic projects already commented upon. It would at the least add to the geography of Africa, a lake nearly three hundred miles long and proportionately broad, with in all probability arms running in transverse directions to a considerable distance — that is to say, a lake broader, if shorter, than Tanganyika, and longer, if narrower, than the Victoria Nyanza.

Of course such considerations as this cannot blind any one to the fact that investment in a *lac Roudaire* would be a decidedly speculative investment. The trade which the lake and its canal have to carry must be local, and would have in much the larger part to be created. It leads, as at present planned, nowhere; and it is only possible to guess vaguely and in outline the "considerations of maritime importance" which, as M. de Lesseps tells us, "our eminent colleague General Fave impressed on the commission." Perhaps the new Lake Tritonis is to be a supreme and impenetrable place of refuge for the French navy, or a secure and undetected nursery for it. But both these purposes seem hypothetical. Again, it is impossible for any one who is not gifted with an extraordinarily sanguine disposition not to feel that the climatic and fertilizing effect of the sea must be, however clear the indications, geological

and other, may seem, to a very large extent such as only experience can define. In particular, the fertilization of the adjoining country and the reconstruction of a river system must in any case be a work of time, and no short time. The trade of the Sahara itself, though admittedly not inconsiderable, and conducted at present with the utmost drawbacks as to speed, cheapness, and convenience, is in the hands of tribes and nations who are intensely conservative, who are not at all well affected to the French, and who are not exactly likely to be made more well affected by proceedings which they will probably think from a religious point of view impious, and from a political prefatory to the subjugation of their country. The existing fertile land in Algeria is, it must be allowed, by no means cultivated in such a perfect manner, or with such happy results, that it is imperative to fertilize more, and the law of *sic vos non vobis*, which seems to ordain that Spaniards, Italians, and Maltese, rather than Frenchmen, shall reap the benefits of the colony, is not altogether encouraging. Indeed, it is extremely probable that, in accordance with the invariable bad luck which has attended French colonization, the present colonizing mania will generally tend to the profit of somebody else. But there is no doubt of the existence of that mania, and none that Frenchmen are exhibiting symptoms of it, in Africa especially, with a great deal of method. Their endeavors to secure the line of the Niger; their plans of trans-Saharan railways, for which prospecting parties seem once more to be starting, undeterred by the fate of Colonel Flatters; this plan of a Tunisian-Algerian sea, and others of the same kind, are not things to be neglected. Of all of them, the sea is perhaps the most interesting, and it is certainly the least aggressive. It may do France very little good, but it is difficult to see how it could do any other country much harm; and the result of an experiment with nature of so novel and "chancy" a kind could not but be looked to with a good deal of curiosity. Perhaps a few years may see Englishmen yachting in the track of Jason, and obligingly conducting the trade which the French have been good enough to open. Perhaps (and it must be admitted that this is equally likely) it will not be so yet.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA.

In spite of the fears of statesmen and the selfish opposition of officialism, the condition and experience of the Russian people seem to make them specially fit for political freedom. They are reared in the practice of local self-government, which is the best of all schools for the exercise of political rights. Everywhere the peasantry, the great bulk of the nation, are accustomed to meet, to vote, and manage their social and local affairs; to elect the managers of their commune, and to implicitly obey those whom they have elected. They have to provide, not individually, but each commune collectively, for the excessive taxation imposed by the central government, and in addition to bear the irritating and constant interference of a central officialism. The extension of their experience and action from local and social to political and national affairs seems a safe and natural step. There are, in fact, unusual guarantees in Russia for the right exercise of political power by the people. They have few difficulties of caste, their present assemblies being representative and democratic. There is the conservative element of a common ownership in land, each man being, as a rule, in his corporate capacity a proprietor of the soil and responsible to the commune for his individual contribution to the common welfare. Consequently they have not had that most serious of all problems in their political future which other European nations have yet to solve—the existence of a vast propertyless class in the midst of an ever-increasing national wealth. In this crisis the one means of safety for the emperor would be for him to throw off the fatal load of absolute power; to call the people to his aid by conceding to them political rights and representative institutions; and through the action of a constitutional government to destroy, or rather to use and guide, the revolutionary forces which experience shows it cannot control. The policy of concession, though difficult, is safe, if when once entered on it is continued. The emancipation of the serfs, though imperfectly carried out and leading as it is doing to angry and ominous

demands on the part of the peasants for further rights, yet brought no danger to Alexander II. The danger was in stopping short in the path of reform after having raised the hopes of the nation by taking such a splendid step. But it is difficult for an absolute ruler—unless a man of exceptional power and ability—to see the wisdom of the policy of concession or voluntarily to adopt it. The emperor is surrounded by a vast bureaucracy which looks with distrust and hatred on the idea of political self-government, and which feels that its own existence is incompatible with popular power and free institutions. With no press, platform, or Parliament through which he can hear the direct voice of the people, or see things as they are, the czar relies on officialism. He sees with its eyes, hears with its ears, and trusts to it for the administration of his will. Accordingly there is no response to any popular desire. In retirement and in virtual defeat the czar still clings to the reactionary policy. It is true there is a mild form of liberalism which is permitted in Russia, and found even among the official classes and in society. When referred to in newspapers it is apt to mislead the foreign reader by indicating the existence in Russia of a recognized and progressive Liberal party. It is, however, merely a fashionable profession of a liberalism by persons who enlarge on the advantages of constitutional government as a principle for countries to which it is applicable, and who are anxious to give freedom to the people when they are fit for it, and so forth. With grave signs of agrarian troubles in several parts of the empire, with an ever-increasing army of officials, with oppressive taxation, with annual deficits and new loans, with national credit strained almost to its limit, with a large and increasing revolutionary party which lays hold of the intellect of the country, and which cannot be kept down even by the severest methods of repression, it must be admitted that the outlook in Russian politics is a dark one. As to the issue of the perilous conflict between czar and people, it requires but little political insight to predict that the present system in Russia cannot last. It would not be rash to add that it cannot last long.